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April

Many a man who lays no particular claim to athletic ability is nevertheless following the classic tradition. An athlete, in ancient Greece, was one who contended for a prize at the games; and the seat into which you collapse after your morning sprint for the 8.32 is undoubtedly a prize, though the daily struggle for it may not be your idea of a game. You could, of course, avoid this undignified procedure — if only you could remember to leave the house five minutes earlier. We, of course, have frequently claimed that the Midland Bank will 'do your remembering for you'. But the reference (to our Standing Order service) is concerned only with the payment of regularly-recurring accounts. It can, alas, do nothing to bring you into a better conjunction with the 8.32.

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....thank you, darling! Yes, you can have
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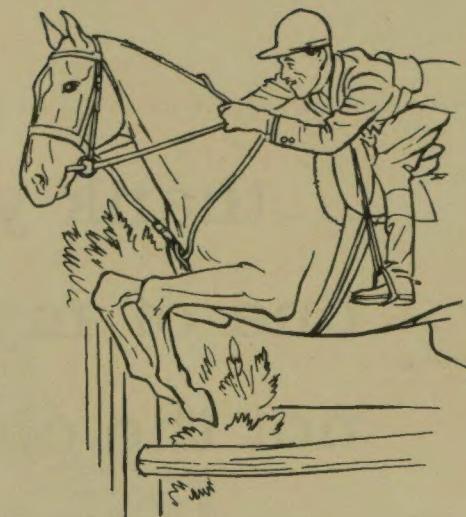
Home Made Assortment of Fine Chocolates by NESTLÉ's

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It's something more than mere chance when so many good horsemen favour Wolseley (so we are told) when it comes to choosing a motor car. No doubt equestrian pursuits tend to develop a particularly keen sense of judgment.

The Wolseley Six-Ninety, at all events, is a real thoroughbred, fifteen and a half hands high and beautifully proportioned.

Good horseman or not, you will certainly like this impressive Wolseley for its quiet purposeful performance. Why not ask your Wolseley Dealer for a demonstration? Try out the fully automatic transmission model.



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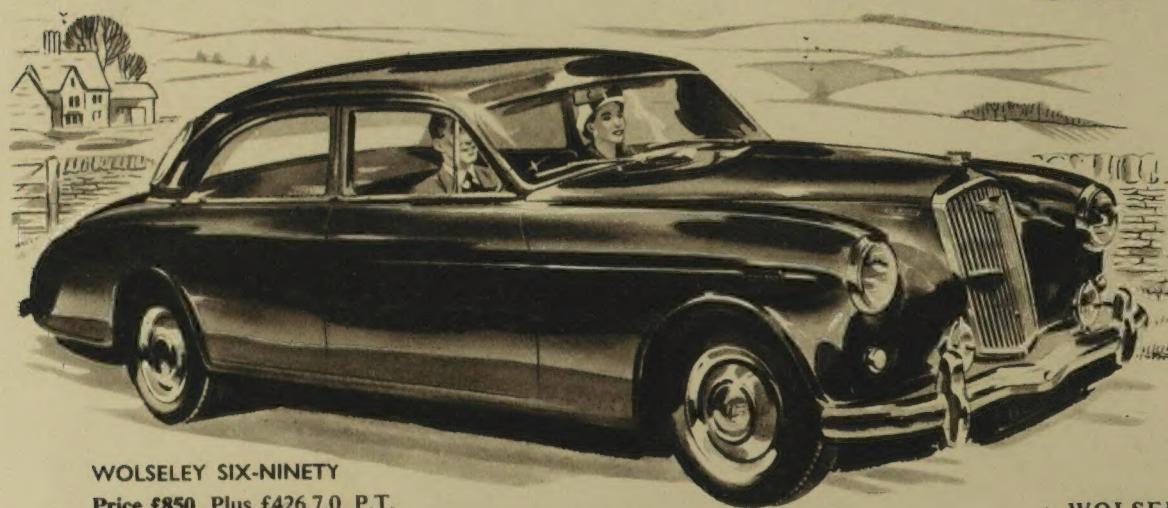
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Twelve Months' Warranty
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A "FIRST CLASS" HOLIDAY whichever class you choose

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If you're travelling on a budget but still want the best that money can buy, CABIN and TOURIST CLASS, with their gay informality, offer a perfect solution.

Fares to destination and on-board expenses payable in sterling.

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Running to save m'lady

RUNNING FOOTMEN were accustomed to running in front of their masters' carriages, clearing the way ahead, but sometimes they had more exciting tasks to perform. During the reign of the first Elizabeth, Lord Berkeley's wife fell ill and Langham, running footman to his Lordship, "carried a letter from Callowden to old Dr. Fryer, a physician dwelling in London, and returned with a glass bottle in his hand, compounded by the doctor, for the recovery of her health, a journey of 148 miles performed by him in less than forty-two hours, notwithstanding his stay of one night at the physician's house; which no one horse could have so well and safely performed; for which the Lady shall after give him a new suit of clothes."

Today, merchandise travels faster than in Langham's time but rarely does one man guard it to journey's end. Manufacturers look after their goods by packing them snugly and safely in cartons made from 'Thames Board', and in 'Fiberite' cases made from solid or corrugated fibreboard.

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OUR NATIONAL HERITAGE



Mid-day, and the sun blazes; no breeze stirs the leaves. An old man makes his way slowly towards the inn, and the cart-horse dozes. It might be anywhere in Dorset. But the inn is the Pure Drop Inn; and though the village is Marnhull on the map, Thomas Hardy called it Marlott—birthplace of Tess of the D'Urbervilles.

The perfect companions for seeing Britain are the new National Benzole

road maps and "Our National Heritage" travel book.

The road maps are on sale, 1/- each, at National Benzole 'solus' garages and filling stations.

"Our National Heritage", a survey of the British scene in words and pictures, is introduced by John Moore and contains 115 pages of photographs, miniature maps and descriptive text. Published by Phoenix House in co-operation with the National Benzole Company Ltd., it is on sale at all bookshops, price 12/6d.



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Her Majesty the Queen
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SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1958.



THE STATE VISIT TO HOLLAND : THE BURGOMASTER OF AMSTERDAM BEING PRESENTED TO H.M. THE QUEEN BY QUEEN JULIANA AS THE ROYAL VISITORS CAME ASHORE FROM THE ROYAL BARGE.

The three-day State visit of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh to Holland began on March 25. After making a night crossing from Harwich in the Royal yacht *Britannia*, the Royal visitors were given an enthusiastic welcome on arriving at Ymuiden early in the morning. From there, *Britannia* sailed by the North Sea canal to Amsterdam. Princess Beatrix, the heiress to the Throne, went aboard the Royal yacht to greet the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, and afterwards large crowds saw Queen Juliana and the Duke of Edinburgh, and afterwards large crowds saw Queen Juliana

near St. Nicholas Church, in the heart of Amsterdam. Prince Bernhard, who had been indisposed, was unable to be present at the ceremony at the harbour. After inspecting a guard of honour and meeting Commonwealth representatives, the Queen and Prince Philip drove in open carriages to the Royal Palace in Dam Square with Queen Juliana, Princess Beatrix and Princess Irene. The events of the first day were brought to a close by the State banquet at the Palace and the concert by the Concertgebouw Orchestra. (The Queen's arrival in Holland was reported in our last issue.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

"OH, my! I don't want to die!", went, if I remember rightly, one of those curious and lugubrious ditties with which the British soldier, with cheerful gusto, during the first and beastlier of the two World Wars, used to regale his marching hours. Down the melancholy wintry pavé one could hear him coming on his way to the battle-line, expressing, with a forthright conviction that would have done any patriotic German's heart good could he have heard him, his alarmingly defeatist opinions—

Send for the boys of the Old Brigade,
To keep old England free;
Send for me father, me mother or me brother,
But for Gawd's sake don't send me!

Reading the correspondence columns of our lighter national newspapers during the past few weeks, I have been interested to observe how closely the words of some of these songs seem to have been paraphrased, or at least unconsciously followed, by the young gentlemen and ladies who have been delivering themselves of their views on the wickedness of opposing our enemies' nuclear weapons with similar weapons of our own and the desirability of British unilateral disarmament. For, as they point out in these letters with great eloquence, nuclear weapons are highly and disastrously lethal; they kill, and, if we resort to them or even possess them, they will unquestionably be used to kill us, and in vast numbers. And then where shall we be? As one youthful correspondent put it—he gave his age, a hopeful seventeen—what is the use of defending oneself or one's country from enslavement with a weapon whose use can only result in the forfeiture of one's own life? What, indeed, as Falstaff said. "Can honour set-to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honour? A word. What is in that word, honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No.... Therefore I'll none of it."

It is, however, worth recalling that, terrible and far-reaching as are the effects of nuclear explosion, the use of weapons has always had this perilous tendency to terminate the lives, not only of those they are used against but of those who use them. "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword!" And this applies, as a daily reading of the newspapers will show, not only to hydrogen bombs but to cosh-sticks and razors and knuckle-dusters and even motor-bicycles. It has been true ever since Cain possessed himself of an instrument to slay his brother, Abel. Indeed, if I were asked whether I should have felt any safer over the forging of battleaxes with which to repel the Vikings of the ninth century than I do over the manufacture and stockpiling of atomic bombs with which to counter Mr. Khrushchev's inter-continental rockets, I should be hard pressed to know how to answer. The truth is that I should be equally frightened of losing my miserable life, and in a highly unpleasant way, in either contingency. The Vikings, in their heyday, it will be remembered, massacred everyone they encountered as a matter of course unless they were expressly paid not to; at Peterborough Abbey in one of their early raids on England a single Viking killed eighty-four monks with his own hands. I have not the slightest doubt that the effects of nuclear warfare are every bit as ghastly and destructive as we are told by scientists. Yet the fact remains that one can die only once and that, reluctant though we shall all be to do so, we are going to die before

long in any case. "Oh, my! I don't want to die!", but, protest as I will, I have got to! And, if by doing so at one time rather than another, we can preserve the rights of others to live their lives without fear of the secret police and of the torture chamber or prevent a bully and cheat from tyrannising over the innocent, we might as well, I suppose, die that way as any other. Is death by nuclear explosion any worse than death by poison gas, or bubonic plague, or leprosy, or cancer, or in the dungeons of the O.G.P.U.? Let us avoid death by all means while we can, and powerful and primeval instincts inside us will, we can be sure, prompt us to try to do so. Yet some other instinct inside us, illogically enough, whispers that we should feel ashamed of ourselves if we allowed evil to triumph or the innocent to

THE QUEEN'S STATE VISIT TO HOLLAND.



AT THE BEGINNING OF THE STATE VISIT: HER MAJESTY AND QUEEN JULIANA, EUROPE'S ONLY TWO RULING QUEENS, WITH PRINCE PHILIP, PRINCE BERNHARD, PRINCESS BEATRIX (LEFT) AND PRINCESS IRENE AT THE ROYAL PALACE, AMSTERDAM.

As reported in our last issue, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived in Holland for the three-day State visit on March 25. After coming ashore in Amsterdam, they drove to the Royal Palace with Queen Juliana, her eldest daughter, Princess Beatrix, and Princess Irene. Prince Bernhard had been suffering from influenza, and was unable to attend the welcoming ceremony at the harbour. The State visit, a return of the one which Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard made to this country in 1950, was notable in bringing together Europe's only two ruling Queens and in being the first visit of a British sovereign to the Kingdom of the Netherlands.

suffer merely because we were too afraid or too selfish to die a little earlier than later. It has been so ever since the world began and will, I imagine, always be so, so long as man and man's conscience exist.

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his Gods?"

Simpleton's words, no doubt, but then, we are simpletons, God having so created us. So, though they do not apparently realise it, are the angry young men who protest at the absurdity of defending human liberty or one's country, as they would soon discover for themselves and prove to others if they believed these things to be in any real

danger of extinction. As has been pointed out *ad nauseam*, the generation that voted for the Peace Pledge ballot later won the Battle of Britain and fought at Alamein and Anzio. And so, whatever the destruction and suffering caused by the horror of nuclear war, would it be again if through human wickedness and folly we become involved in one. Men are illogical creatures. They can also, on occasion, be very brave ones. It is a grave error—and folly—to misrepresent the nature of one's country and countrymen to the world. Under certain circumstances the British people would fight and go on fighting, even if every town in the country were made a charred shambles and half or three-quarters of its population slain.

The Press and platform agitation that Britain should divest herself of arms because her rising generation is afraid to die is as meaningless today as it was in the 'thirties. For one thing, the thesis on which it is based isn't true; for another, the more successful the campaign for unilateral disarmament, the more likely it is to produce the very war it is hoped to avert. There is not the slightest possibility of Great Britain starting an atomic or any other kind of war because she possesses nuclear weapons, while, the more strongly armed she is known to be, the smaller the likelihood of anyone else starting a war. And though specious logicians argue as though it were so, the corollary is not necessarily true. If, for instance, Germany or even Colonel Nasser's Egypt possessed nuclear weapons and no other country had them, an early war would, in my opinion, be almost certain. The same, I fear, is true of Soviet Russia. And as that country, or rather its Government, at present possesses an overwhelming superiority in conventional weapons and as, judging by its record for the past quarter of a century, it is incorrigibly wedded to the use of armed force to expand its expansionist ideology and sphere of influence whenever and wherever it can do so without too much cost or risk to itself, there seems a good deal to be said for letting it be known that this ancient and profoundly pacific yet still martial and valiant nation is so determined to prevent another world war that she is prepared, even at the price of extinction or near extinction, to use the terrible deterrent of the hydrogen or atomic bomb against any aggressor that resorts to major war to attain its end. Though whether it was politically wise for a Minister of the Crown to proclaim the fact in Parliament, instead of making it known by less provocative means, is another matter. The important thing is that as a nation we should do everything possible to prevent war from breaking out and to discourage the country or countries most likely to precipitate a conflict from doing so. Unless and until a united Germany is rearmed—in which case, I fear, the prospects of peace would hardly be very bright for anyone—the greatest risk of a third world war lies in Soviet Russia's habit of fomenting unrest and violence in every part of the world and then fanning that unrest by importing arms and "volunteers" in the hope of benefiting from it. Intervention to maintain disorder seems as much a Russian and Communist practice in the twentieth century as intervention to maintain order was a British practice in the nineteenth century. The development of weapons and, above all, of atomic weapons, has made both these practices far too dangerous to be tolerable. The first step to peace and general disarmament is to make everyone realise, including Soviet Russia and her Communist satellites, that the arms game can now only end in suicide. When the Kremlin has grasped that, we shall be able to "talk turkey."

TWO ROYAL OCCASIONS: A FASHION SHOW AND A FILM PREMIERE.



AT THE DRESS SHOW OF THE SOCIETY OF LONDON FASHION DESIGNERS: THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET WITH MR. NORMAN HARTNELL.



THE QUEEN MOTHER ADMIRING ONE OF THE DRESSES AT THE FASHION SHOW. WITH HER IS LADY PAMELA BERRY.



THE PREMIERE OF THE FILM "A FAREWELL TO ARMS": PRINCESS MARGARET ARRIVING AT THE CARLTON THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

On March 25 the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret attended a fashion show organised by the top eleven members of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers. The next day, shortly after Group Captain Peter Townsend's visit to Clarence House, Princess Margaret attended the premiere of the film "A Farewell to Arms" at the Carlton Theatre, Haymarket, which was given in aid of the Dockland Settlements, of which she is President. At the fashion show, held at Dartmouth House, London, Princess Margaret was reported as saying: "I like the new short skirts. I am having



AT THE CARLTON THEATRE: PRINCESS MARGARET RECEIVING A BOUQUET FROM A LITTLE GIRL OF THE DOCKLAND SETTLEMENTS.

my own made shorter." Some fifty-five models were shown. The visit of Group Captain Townsend to Clarence House took place shortly after he arrived in England after his lone world tour, and it was the first time Princess Margaret had seen him since his departure in 1956. "A Farewell to Arms" (a colour film) is based on one of the best-known works of Ernest Hemingway. It is directed by Charles Vidor, and the two leading parts were taken by Rock Hudson and Jennifer Jones. There is also a moving performance by Vittorio de Sica.

THE HANGING COMMITTEE ; THE TICHBORNE DOLE ; STONEHENGE ; AND OTHER ITEMS.



"EDNA" TAKES THE AIR :
ONE OF THE WHEELED
METAL TANKS, THE EQUIVA-
LENT OF AN AIRCRAFT,
WHICH ARE USED TO TEST
THE STEAM CATAPOULTS OF
H.M.S. VICTORIOUS.

Four tanks of this nature, each weighing as much as a British naval aircraft, and bearing the playful names of *Edna*, *Jill*, *June* and *Eric*, are being used at Portsmouth for reliability tests of the steam catapult in H.M.S. *Victorious*, the world's most modern aircraft carrier.

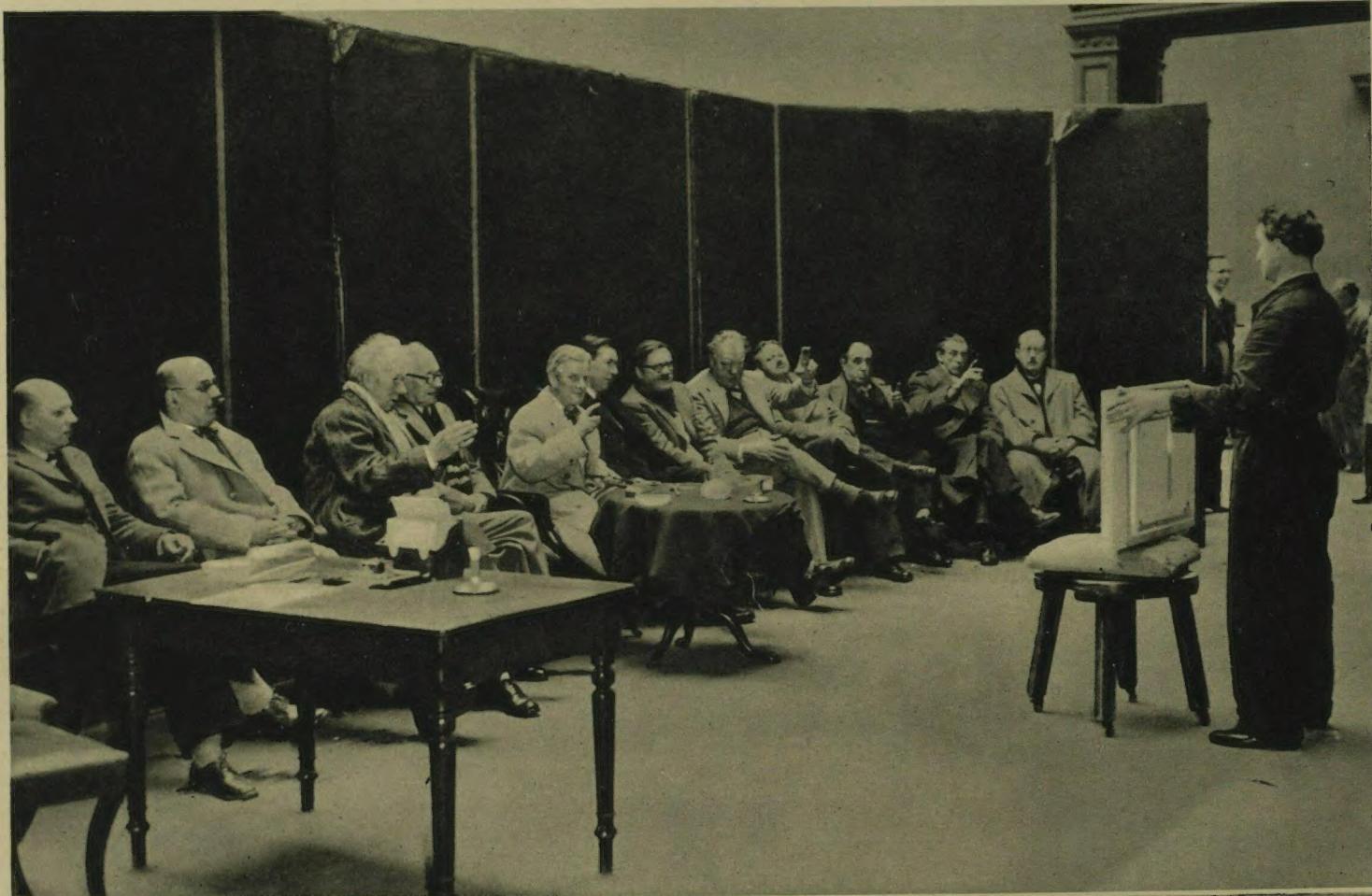
(Right.)
THE FIRST STEPS TOWARDS
THE ROYAL ACADEMY'S
SUMMER EXHIBITION : THE
HANGING COMMITTEE BEGIN-
NING THEIR DELIBERATIONS
ON MARCH 25.

Our photograph of the Hanging Committee in session shows, from left to right : Mr. Arnold Machin, R.A. ; Mr. Louis de Soissons, R.A. ; Mr. Robert Austin, R.A. ; Mr. James Bateman, R.A. ; Sir Charles Wheeler, P.R.A. ; Mr. Robert Buhler, R.A. ; Mr. Eric Kennington, A.R.A. ; Mr. Siegfried Charoux, R.A. ; Mr. Christopher Sanders, A.R.A. ; Mr. B. Fleetwood-Walker, R.A. ; Mr. John Skeaping, A.R.A. ; and Mr. A. R. Middleton Todd, R.A. Other members of the Committee, not seen, are : Mr. James Fitton, R.A. ; Mr. Brian O'Rorke, R.A. ; and Mr. Basil Spence, A.R.A.



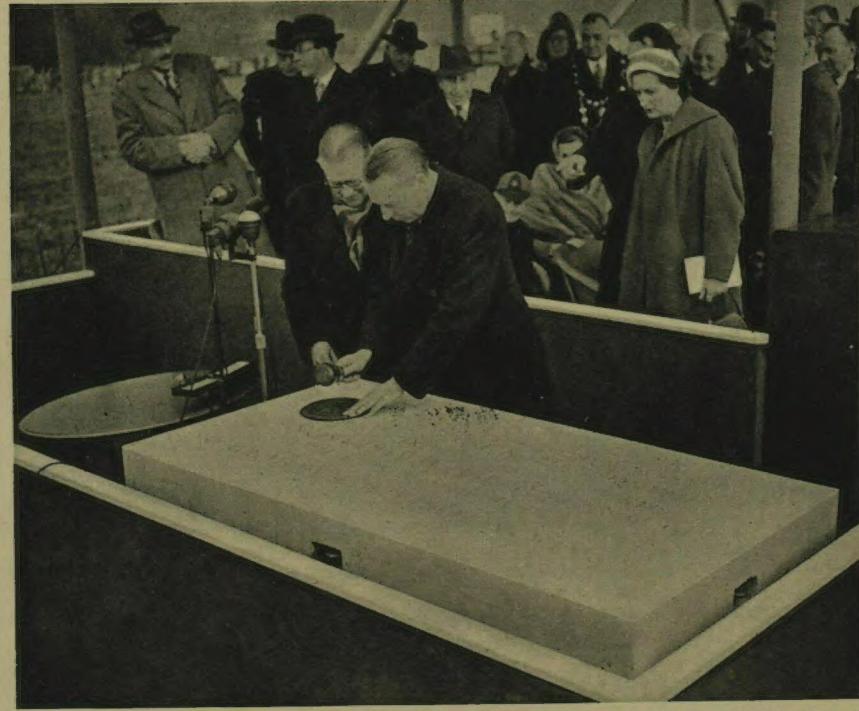
BEGINNING THE RESTORATION OF PART OF STONEHENGE : LIFTING THE BROKEN HALF OF
A SARSEN LINTEL, WHEN OPERATIONS STARTED ON MARCH 24.

The restoration and re-erection of part of Stonehenge planned by the Ancient Monuments Department of the Ministry of Works (which was described in our issue of March 8) began on March 24, when the broken lintel from the outer circle was lifted for discreet repair.



THE ANCIENT CEREMONY OF THE TICHBORNE DOLE : CANON ALBAN BURRETT BLESSES THE
FLOUR. ON THE LEFT IS SIR ANTHONY DOUGHTY-TICHBORNE.

On March 25, at Tichborne Park, Hants, the 800-year-old custom of the Dole, an annual charity to avert a curse, was carried out as usual. On the right of Canon Burritt are Lady Tichborne and her daughter. A painting of the scene in 1670 appeared in our issue of March 23, 1957.



THE FIRST STEP IN THE LONDON-YORKSHIRE MOTORWAY : THE MINISTER OF TRANSPORT,
MR. HAROLD WATKINSON, LAYS A BRONZE SEAL IN THE FIRST SLAB.

Work started on the southern section of this motorway on March 24 when the Minister of Transport laid a seal at Luton Hoo in a slab which will be part of the parapet in one of the bridges. The 70-mile stretch is to be completed in nineteen months.



(Above.) THE OXFORD BOAT SEEN FROM HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE DURING THEIR FULL-COURSE TRIAL ON MARCH 20. (Above right.) THE OXFORD CREW.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE: TRAINING AT PUTNEY AND THE TWO CREWS.



(Above.) MEMBERS OF THE CAMBRIDGE CREW. (Right.) DURING TRAINING ON THE TIDEWAY: THE CAMBRIDGE CREW ROWING A FULL COURSE.



The Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race is to be rowed to-day (April 5) at 1.30 p.m. At the time of writing, the orders of rowing which had been announced were as follows (Blues are marked with an asterisk): Cambridge—A. T. Denby, bow, J. R. Giles, *J. A. Pitchford, P. D. Rickett, R. B. Ritchie, R. D. Carver, D. C. Christie, M. B. Maltby, stroke, and J. S. Sulley, cox. Oxford—*G. Sorrell, bow, M. J. W. Hall, J. H. Ducker, *S. F. A. Miskin, F. D. M. Badcock, R. Rubin, J. L. Fage, D. C. Edwards, stroke, and J. G. Rowbotham, cox. After long weeks of preparation on their home waters, the two University crews met at the beginning of their

training on the tideway at Putney on March 17. During the final training, Cambridge had a successful first week which culminated in a record-breaking row between Hammersmith and Barnes Bridges. Following the indisposition of the Cambridge President, J. A. Pitchford, however, the crew was again unfortunate when P. D. Rickett took to his bed with a chill. R. I. L. Howland (Lady Margaret) came into the boat in his absence. Oxford's final full-course trial was rowed on March 26. Oxford improved greatly after moving to the tideway, and by the end of the first week at Putney it was felt there was little to choose between the two crews.

JOHNSON; CHESTERFIELD; BOSWELL AND GOLDSMITH.

"THE SEARCH FOR GOOD SENSE. FOUR EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CHARACTERS." By F. L. LUCAS.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MR. F. L. LUCAS has long been known as a literary scholar of great erudition, who wears his learning lightly, and a writer of great, if unobtrusive, charm. For myself I think I first came across him as the author of short, beautifully-made poems that seemed to me (though they were not in the least derivative) to betray a close familiarity with what used to be called "the best classical models." This familiarity did indeed exist, as he has since shown in various volumes about the Greeks and their works. But his range has been very wide, and he has, apart from the Greeks, very largely concentrated upon the Romantic poets, especially those of the Victorian age. He has now transferred his attention, in a very solid manner, to the eighteenth century. He has written four long essays about Johnson, Chesterfield, Boswell and Goldsmith. They are essays on the old ample scale, the observance of which enables the essays of Macaulay and Matthew Arnold to remain popular classics to this day.

But before I come to these little treatises, I feel that I must mention what comes before them. There is a frontispiece and there is an ample introduction on the spirit of the age, which is called the "Eighteenth-Century Mind." The frontispiece, for a Cambridge man, must be saddening, because it shows a section of the Backs of the Colleges reflected in the tranquil Cam. There is that elegant building of Clare on the left, then the west end (looking very small) of King's College Chapel, and then Gibbs's long, very eighteenth-century, Fellows' Building at King's. I never thought that Gibbs's building, although good for its period, blended very well with the noble Perpendicular of King's. When I was an undergraduate I was told that there were still extant (Mr. Lucas is a Fellow of King's, so he must know better than I) King Henry VI's plans for a whole College to go with his Chapel. What visions does that conjure up! There might have been something like Knole on the Backs! The buildings shown in Mr. Lucas's photograph lack those, alas, but they are seemly and gracious, and as I knew them more than fifty years ago. But as I contemplate this vista from King's Bridge I can't help shuddering at the thought of what will batter my sight if, in a few years, I venture up the Cam again, in punt or canoe. There has appeared recently the design for new buildings at Queens' College, whose rustic bridge and venerable courts used to be the end of that glorious peaceful panorama. There has been a correspondence in *The Times* on the subject. Old Queens' men have written in violent protest, and a Don has attempted to justify the monstrosity by saying that a vote of undergraduates was taken on the subject. These polls of undergraduates seem to be becoming popular now. My own impression is that, had they been taken in my time, a large body of healthy young men would have said: "I don't know anything about it," or, "What rot!"

that another lot, in a Revolutionary Shelleyean mood, would have assumed that none of their ancestors knew anything about anything; and that the World's Great Age was beginning anew with themselves; and a third lot would have voted in such a way as they thought would most annoy their elders and betters, the dons and their fathers. As time passes, so pass the illusions of miraculous change in human affairs, and the desire to annoy. I hope to drift along the Backs

once more before this calamitous building goes up, the design for which looks to me very much like one of those grim designs for blocks of flats or office buildings which appear on *The Times'* back page on Mondays.

But, according to Mr. Lucas, whose information is much more up-to-date than mine, the Backs have already been attacked—as, indeed, the National Parks are being attacked. "To westward," he says, "our age has allowed the Backs, where after the First War, the nightingales still sang, to become a motor-packed highway, where night is made garish by the City Council with cadaverous sodium-lighting. And, beyond, it has planted a College Hostel in the familiar brick-box style of a war-bled, impoverished generation."

After his thoughtful and wide-reaching introduction, Mr. Lucas comes to this conclusion: "Dempster told Boswell that he had better be palsied at eighteen than miss the company of a

THE 322nd CUTLERS' FEAST.



AT CUTLERS' HALL, SHEFFIELD: SIR FREDERICK PICKWORTH, THE MASTER CUTLER, WITH SOME OF THE DISTINGUISHED GUESTS WHO ATTENDED THE 322nd CUTLERS' FEAST.

This photograph, taken on a memorable occasion in Sheffield—the 322nd Cutlers' Feast, which was held in Cutlers' Hall on March 24—shows (l. to r.): back row—J. H. Neill (Senior Warden, Company of Cutlers), Vice-Admiral N. E. Dalton (Engineer-in-Chief of the Fleet), Vice-Admiral M. L. Power (Deputy Chief of Naval Staff and Fifth Sea Lord), Air Marshal Sir Geoffrey Tutt (Deputy Chief of Air Staff), Dr. J. E. Holloway (H.E. the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa), the Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Sheffield, Lieut-General Sir Richard Hull (Deputy Chief of the Imperial General Staff), Air Vice-Marshal E. C. Hudleston (Vice-Chief of the Air Staff), P. J. C. Bovill (Junior Warden, Company of Cutlers), Sir Gilbert Rennie (H.E. the High Commissioner for Rhodesia and Nyasaland); front row—the Rt. Hon. the Viscount Knollys (Chairman, Vickers Ltd.), the Rt. Hon. Sir Eric Harrison (H.E. the High Commissioner for Australia), the Rt. Worshipful the Lord Mayor of Sheffield (Alderman A. Ballard), the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Home (Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations), Sir Frederick Pickworth (the Master Cutler), the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Scarbrough (the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Lieutenant of the West Riding), His Grace the Duke of Rutland, Admiral Sir Peter Reid (Third Sea Lord and Controller of the Navy), and E. W. Senior (Past Master).

man like Johnson. I should be extremely loth to be palsied at any age, for the company of anybody. Still, bating that picturesque exaggeration, I think Dempster not far wrong. And here we come to the inestimable advantage of books. To keep company with the living Johnson, poor Mrs. Thrale had to sit up night after night, dropping with drowsiness, and brew tea at four in the morning. But, for us, the whim of a moment can call the buried Johnson, majestic yet docile, from the dead; with the push of a little finger he retires meekly to his shelf again; and one may go to bed, if one will, 'domestic as a plate,' at eight p.m. Reading, not rapping tables, is the true necromancy.

"Let us summon him, then."

Summon him he does: I know no better essay on Johnson than Mr. Lucas's. Johnson is unveiled in all his grandeur, with all his energy, all his loveliness, all his gruffness, and all his faults. There is no lack of emphasis on his faults; these were recorded in full by Boswell, and piled up in masses by Macaulay who, in order to make his antithetical effects, loved to pile up charges in one paragraph in order that he might be able to demolish them in the next. Macaulay, who said that if Boswell hadn't been such a consummate fool,

he couldn't have written such a consummate biography, produced a picture of Johnson rolling, stumbling, grunting, puffing and growling, and spilling his food over his coat, ignored the facts that Johnson in his age was the admired of the admired; and that every nice woman whom he ever met became fond of him.

The great boor of Macaulay's myth would never have been received, as Johnson was, by Gainsborough's

Duchess at Chatsworth. Mr. Lucas produces every possible scrap of evidence against Johnson, on every possible count, because he feels that he is on the defensive. He need not have bothered: anybody of any sense knows that Johnson was one of the noblest, best and most honest of men.

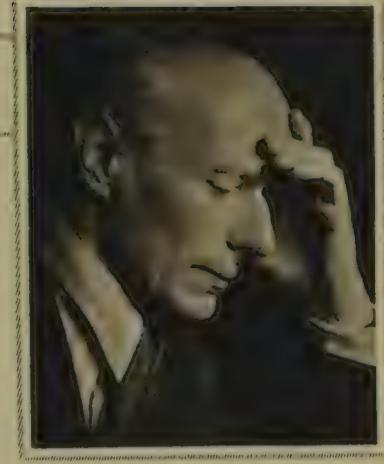
Mr. Lucas leaves us with a fair and noble portrait of Dr. Johnson. He then proceeds to Lord Chesterfield, with whom Johnson had a notable encounter. Johnson, anxious to dedicate his dictionary to his Lordship, called, waited vainly in an antechamber, went away, and later wrote one of the most famous letters about patrons. Had Johnson been less proud, and more sensible, Chesterfield might well have obliged him.

Chesterfield, I think, has been little written about. He has been mostly remembered as a supercilious peer who didn't do what he might have done for Dr. Johnson, and who wrote advisory letters to his bastard son and to a cousin, and godson who succeeded him. It is usually supposed that Chesterfield gave cynical advice to the young. Mr. Lucas says "Morals?" Here we shall be unjust to the Letters if we forget that Chesterfield

considered ethics the province of his son's tutor and bear-leader. What he does say on the subject is, as a rule, quite respectable. "To do as you would be done by, is the plain, sure, undisputed rule of morality and justice." This elegant and correct eighteenth-century peer (commonly supposed to be a cynic) was a first-class Governor of Ireland and, on retirement, refused a dukedom. He was probably complicated by his ugliness. Somebody said of him that his head was bigger than his body and his nose bigger than his head. Mr. Lucas has given the most plausible picture of this complicated man which I have yet encountered.

His picture of Boswell—so much more easy to draw now that all those Journals have been divulged—is a fair and convincing one. So is his picture of Oliver Goldsmith, who for two centuries now has been crushed by Garrick's line: "Who wrote like an angel and talked like Poor Poll," but who wrote one of the loveliest of short novels, one of the best of English comedies, and a great volume of wise and beautiful essays. It is long since I have seen Goldsmith done such justice.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 566 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. F. L. LUCAS.

Mr. Frank Laurence Lucas, Fellow and Lecturer of King's College, Cambridge, and University Reader in English, was born in 1894 and educated at Rugby and Trinity College, Cambridge. He served in the Army during World War I and in the Foreign Office during World War II. His many publications include poems, plays, novels, translations and anthologies.



HIGHLIGHTS OF THE R.A.F.'S 40 YEARS: SERVICE AIRCRAFT FAMOUS IN WAR AND PEACE.

On April 1 the Royal Air Force celebrated its fortieth anniversary, and for the occasion there was to be an official dinner at Fighter Command Headquarters at Stanmore, Middlesex, which was to be attended by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. The Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Royal and the Duchess of Kent were also to be present. Above, we show some of the well-known aircraft which were in use in the First World War in the days of the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service, and some of the better known of the more than 300 types of aircraft which have been used by the R.A.F. since its formation in 1918. (The date of introduction is given for each aircraft.) The Golden Age of the biplane, from 1918 to 1936, saw little change in basic ideas of air warfare and was marked by drastic reduction of R.A.F. strength after

1918, in which year some 3300 aircraft made up the R.A.F.'s first-line strength in squadrons. The years immediately preceding the Second World War witnessed a rapid development of both bombers and fighters, and it was at this time that it was decided to standardise eight-gun armament for fighters and to develop four-engined heavy bombers—two decisions which, with the introduction of radar techniques, were to be of the greatest importance during the war. Outstanding features since 1945 have been the development of jet aircraft for the R.A.F., and the rearmament programme, brought about by the Berlin blockade and the Korean War. This expansion followed the post-war decline when the R.A.F.'s first-line aircraft dwindled from over 8000 to a strength of just over 1000. The R.A.F.'s fortieth anniversary is the subject of Captain Falls' article on page 540.

"As far as can at present be foreseen there is absolutely no limit to the scale of its future independent war use." The writer was General Smuts and the date July 19, 1917. General Smuts was advocating the formation of an Air Ministry and the amalgamation of the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service. In a sense, his conclusions were accidental. He had given up his command in East Africa and come to London at the beginning of the year; after German daylight attacks on the capital he had been called into consultation by the Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, and the two had passed from the narrow subject of defence to the broad one of organisation. The words quoted summarise the work of Smuts in the latter field. He perhaps deserves the title of "Father of the Royal Air Force."

The chief user of the R.F.C., Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, commented that an Air Ministry with a civilian head might assume control without influence from military and naval opinion and "with a belief in theories which are not in accordance with practical experience." So a controversy which was to survive to another war began immediately the project of General Smuts was stated. Haig's belief that, as matters stood, the most important rôle of the air services was co-operation with those of land and sea was certainly true at the time. In point of fact, this co-operation continued for the rest of that war and, but a small proportion of the R.A.F. was devoted to strictly "independent" action. The R.A.F. still conformed to the wishes of Haig, and in outer theatres Allenby, Maude, and Marshall.

The creation of an Air Ministry, with Lord Rothermere as Secretary of State and Major-General Sir Hugh Trenchard as Chief of the Air Staff, actually preceded that of the Royal Air Force. It was born on April 1, so that it is now celebrating its fortieth birthday. The Air Ministry was established in the Hotel Cecil. The senior commanders and staff officers were, as might be expected, former officers of the Army and Navy. A number of them, including Sykes, the two Salmonds, and the young Joubert de la Ferté, were of outstanding quality. Of Trenchard himself it is hardly necessary to speak. He was no technician but a man of flaming zeal, who had already proved himself in command of the R.F.C. on the Western Front.

The growth of the two parent air services had been great since the opening of the war, though it had started slowly and in 1915 had been much smaller proportionately than that of the Army. The R.F.C. took the field with sixty-three aircraft—"aeroplanes," or even "machines," were the terms of those days—half the strength of the French, but, of course, relatively far stronger because the French Army was fifteen times the size of the original B.E.F. The Royal Flying Corps had been established only two years earlier and at the start had been divided into Naval and Military Wings, but just before the outbreak of war the Naval Wing was detached—or, rather, detached itself—to become the R.N.A.S., and since then R.F.C. had stood for the Army service alone.

In the main theatre of the war, especially, the R.F.C.'s performance was magnificent. In general, the performance of the German aircraft was superior. In two phases only was the balance righted: in the first half of the Battle of the Somme in 1916, and again for a short period beginning

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE BIRTH OF A NEW FORCE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

about May 1, 1917. Before that the Fokker had been the predominant fighter, and in the intervening period, which included the Battle of Arras, the twin-gun Albatros and Halberstadt, before the British 1917 "spring models" came out. Yet

THE R.A.F.'S 40TH ANNIVERSARY: THREE LEADING FIGURES IN THE R.A.F. TO-DAY.



AIR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR DERMOT BOYLE: CHIEF OF AIR STAFF.



AIR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR HARRY BROADHURST: AIR OFFICER COMMANDING-IN-CHIEF, BOMBER COMMAND. AIR MARSHAL SIR THOMAS PIKE: AIR OFFICER COMMANDING-IN-CHIEF, FIGHTER COMMAND.

The fortieth anniversary of the formation of the Royal Air Force, which is discussed in this week's article by Captain Falls, fell on April 1. On page 539 in this issue we illustrate some of the famous aircraft which have been in service with the R.A.F. during the past forty years.

even in the very worst times British pilots never lost their ardour. They undertook the ugliest missions as a matter of course, even when they knew the terribly formidable Manfred von Richthofen was waiting for them.

The sadly high casualty rate was a large part due to Trenchard's policy of "living over the enemy's lines." It had much to recommend it and paid high dividends. To question it has become

heresy. Yet as a young officer, with critical powers far from well developed, I came to the view that it was overdone. For long periods our losses were about four times those of the enemy. And, if the enemy crossed our lines far less often than we crossed his, by using Zeiss lenses and taking photographs at up to twice the height he got most of the information wanted without heavy casualties. When German photographs of our defences, camps and other installations came into my hands, I found them too good for my peace of mind.

I would give the palm to the men with the less spectacular jobs: photography and artillery contact. In general their aircraft were slow and of poor fighting quality, so that if they met a crack German Jagdstaffel it was all up with them. Often enough their rendezvous with fighter escorts went wrong. They never flinched. However, the men who caught the imagination were the fighters, single-handed champions in a war of millions, possessed of wonderful though elusive qualities. They were high-spirited and gay, friendly to meet, and fond of the juvenile sport of ragging. Of the great ones, heroic and brilliant creatures like Ball and McCudden, but few survived to see the end.

When that end came Britain, even without counting the splendid squadrons of the Dominions, possessed the best and biggest air force in the world. Naturally it had to be drastically reduced in time of peace, but what happened was worse than that. The rats got at it. The combined pressure of Chancellors of the Exchequer, party managers, and M.P.s with narrow majorities—allied, it must be confessed, with a great deal of public indifference—reduced that great fighting force to a shadow of its former self. The controversy with the Navy, long-drawn and painful, did not help matters. There I am convinced the Air Ministry was wrong, and pig-headed, and that the Admiralty was right to demand its own service once again. It took a long time.

A combination of luck and genius provided this kingdom with the means to fight the *Lufwaffe* after the fall of France. And a new generation of fighter-pilots flying *Spitfires* proved themselves as determined, as resourceful, and as gallant as that which had faced the earlier *Lufwaffe* in Sopwith "Pups."

Whereas, when the R.A.F. was formed on April 1, 1918, it had only just begun to exercise an important influence on the war, now in all forms of warfare air forces had become a factor as strong as land and sea forces. Arguments are often put forward to prove that it was stronger than either, but they overlook the interdependence of the three. The R.A.F. needed the Navy to escort its tankers (often to escort ships with crated aircraft, sometimes to fly aircraft to beleaguered airfields), and the Army to win and hold its bases as much as the two older fighting forces needed its support.

The R.A.F. came out of the Second World War with a reputation as high as that which it had borne at the end of the First. And now what? For the moment the situation is as obscure as it is threatening. The

"delivery" of the ghastly weapons of destruction with which mankind has saddled itself is more and more likely to be managed by means other than aircraft, with appalling consequences. This is not, however, a disquisition on the perils of the world. We can say with certainty that the R.A.F., now celebrating its fortieth birthday, still has a great rôle, in which it will be strengthened and encouraged by great traditions and the memory of a splendid past.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



IN A REBEL ARMY POSITION IN SUMATRA : ONE OF THE BREN-GUN CARRIERS IN SERVICE WITH THE REBELS IN THEIR RESISTANCE IN CENTRAL SUMATRA.



WRECKAGE AT THE IMPORTANT REBEL RADIO STATION AT PADANG AFTER IT HAD BEEN BOMBED BY A GOVERNMENT AIRCRAFT EARLY IN THE CONFLICT.



ANOTHER OF THE REBEL ARMY'S WEAPONS, FOR WHICH COLONEL HUSSEIN'S GOVERNMENT IS SAID TO HAVE BARTERED ITS RUBBER PRODUCTION.

ONE OF THE MORE MODERN WEAPONS USED BY THE REBELS : AN UP-TO-DATE TYPE OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN. THE GOVERNMENT CLAIMS SEVERAL AIR SUCCESSES.



MOST OF THE ARMS OF THE REBELS IN SUMATRA ARE OLD BRITISH TYPES. HERE ARE A NUMBER OF SUMATRANS WITH BRITISH RIFLES.



COLONEL HUSSEIN, WHO PROCLAIMED THE REBEL GOVERNMENT IN SUMATRA ON FEBRUARY 15, GIVING A ROUSING ADDRESS IN A SUMATRAN VILLAGE.



AN EMERGENCY MEETING OF REBEL LEADERS. ON THE LEFT IS COLONEL SIMBOLON, THE FOREIGN MINISTER IN SUMATRA.

SUMATRA : SOME OF THE REBEL ARMY'S WEAPONS AND OTHER SCENES IN REBEL TERRITORY.

The Indonesian Government's campaign by land, sea and air against the rebels in Sumatra appeared at the time of writing to be meeting with increasing success. The rebel centres of Padang and Bukittinggi appeared to be threatened, while Government forces had retaken Medan, the capital of northern Sumatra, and their possession of the oil-producing area centred on Pakanbaru had, it was reported by the Indonesian Government,

enabled the American-owned Caltex and Standard-Vacuum oil companies to resume their operations. The rebels appeared to be largely cut off from the east coast. The conflict began following the proclamation by Colonel Hussein on Feb. 15 of an independent Government in Sumatra, which was opposed to the constitutional Government in Java and to the concept of guided democracy of President Sukarno, who is supported by the Communist Party.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA. A NEW LANDMARK FOR THE CAPITAL OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA: THE SHEER FAÇADE OF A NEW INSURANCE BUILDING IN QUEEN VICTORIA SQUARE. This façade, not unreminiscent of the United Nations building in New York, is part of the newly-erected buildings of the Mutual Life and Citizens Assurance Co. Ltd. Adelaide, which now has a population of over half a million, is a city of wide terraces.



ISRAEL. PESTS BY THE MILLION: A LOCUST SWARM SETTLING ON A COLLECTIVE FARM IN ISRAEL. THE FRANTIC EFFORTS OF THE TWO MEN WITH SHEET AND BRUSHWOOD ARE UNDERSTANDABLE, BUT IN VAIN AGAINST SUCH NUMBERS.



EAST GERMANY. A REPATRIATION PARADE OF RUSSIAN TROOPS IN JUETERBOG, IN BRANDENBURG, WITH A PLACARD PRESUMABLY AIMED AT ENGLISH-SPEAKING JOURNALISTS. The planned withdrawal of 41,000 Russian troops from East Germany was announced by General Sacharov in mid-February, although no date was given at the time. The parade shown took place on March 22 and marked the withdrawal of an artillery brigade.



KANSAS CITY, U.S.A. THE EX-PRESIDENT IN A NEW ROLE: MR. TRUMAN CONDUCTING THE KANSAS CITY PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA AT A FUND-RAISING CONCERT. On March 23, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra, at a concert aimed to raise funds for the orchestra, Mr. Truman conducted a military march and Mr. Jack Benny, the comedian, gave two violin solos. £17,000 was raised.



NEPAL. A GROUP OF EIGHT SWISS MOUNTAINEERS, ACCLIMATISING AT POKHRA, IN PREPARATION FOR THEIR ASSAULT ON DHAULAGIRI, IN THE HIMALAYAS. DHAULAGIRI, WHICH IS ABOUT HALF-WAY BETWEEN EVEREST AND NANDA DEVI, IS 26,795 FT. HIGH.



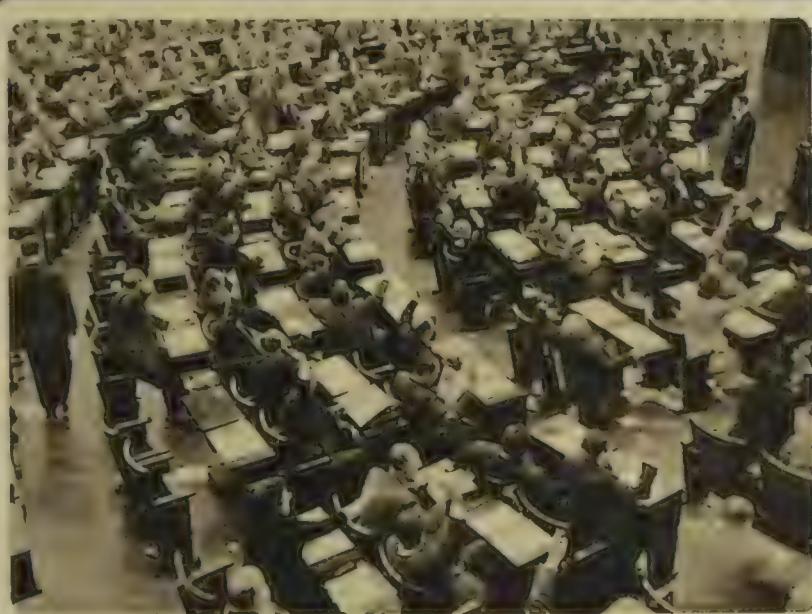
UGANDA. OPENING A NEW ROAD (LEFT) SIR FREDERICK CRAWFORD, GOVERNOR OF UGANDA, (RIGHT) M. CORNELIS, VICE-GOVERNOR-GENERAL, BELGIAN CONGO. At the ceremony shown on March 19 a new road linking Katunguru, in Uganda, with Rutschuru, in the Belgian Congo, was opened. It is a hard-surface road and passes through the National Parks of both countries.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



BELGIUM. IN THE "HALL OF ELEGANCE" AT THE BRUSSELS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION: BARON MOENS DE FERNIG, COMMISSIONER GENERAL OF THE BELGIAN GOVERNMENT, ADDRESSING AN ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMISSIONERS GENERAL.

On March 25 and 26 the Commissioners General of the fifty-three participating nations and international organisations met at Brussels to discuss the final arrangements for the 1958 Universal and International Exhibition, which is due to open on April 17. Workmen of all nationalities are busy getting the Exhibition ready for opening day.



WEST GERMANY. VICTORY FOR DR. ADENAUER'S GOVERNMENT IN ITS DEMAND FOR "THE MOST MODERN WEAPONS" FOR THE BUNDESWEHR: A BUNDESTAG SCENE. The German Federal Government defeated Opposition demands for a ban on nuclear weapons when voting at the end of four days of intense, and sometimes passionate debate, was 267 against 194 in the Bundestag at Bonn on March 25.



ANTARCTICA. THE END OF ONE OF THE GREATEST JOURNEYS EVER UNDERTAKEN: DR. FUCHS AND HIS TRANSANTARCTIC EXPEDITION ARRIVING AT SCOTT BASE. This photograph records an historic moment in the history of exploration—the arrival at Scott Base on Sunday, March 2, of Dr. Fuchs and his party, the first men ever to have crossed the Antarctic continent by land. The beflagged Sno-cat has a G.B. plate on the back. Dr. Fuchs is expected to be back in England on May 5.



(Above)
PEARL HARBOUR, HAWAII. THE WEAPON WHICH HAS MADE "AIRCRAFT CARRIERS OUT OF SUBMARINES": A REGULUS GUIDED MISSILE ROARING TOWARDS ITS TARGET AFTER BEING LAUNCHED FROM THE U.S. SUBMARINE TUNNY DURING A DEMONSTRATION.

The launching of the U.S. guided missile *Regulus 1* from submarines has given the U.S. Navy an intercontinental missile capability. Submarines can surface, fire the *Regulus* and submerge, all within minutes. The potentialities of the *Regulus* were recently demonstrated for the benefit of the Honolulu Press and it was on this occasion that the above photograph was taken.



(Right)
THE SOVIET UNION. THE ELECTION OF MR. KHRUSHCHEV AS PRIME MINISTER: SOVIET LEADERS RAISING THEIR HANDS TO SIGNIFY ASSENT, INCLUDING MR. BULGANIN (TOP RIGHT).

At the first meeting in the Kremlin of the newly-elected Supreme Soviet on March 27 the resignation of Mr. Bulganin as Prime Minister of the Soviet Union was announced, after which Mr. Khrushchev was elected as his successor. Mr. Khrushchev now occupies the two posts which Stalin held throughout World War II and up to his death in 1953.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



LEAVING THE BASILICA OF THE ROSARY: THE LONG CLERICAL PROCESSION, BEARING THE RELICS OF THREE HOLY MARTYRS, ON ITS WAY TO THE NEW CHURCH FOR THE CONSECRATION CEREMONIES.



ARRIVING IN THE SQUARE IN FRONT OF THE NEW CHURCH: THE PROCESSION ABOUT TO PASS THE STATUE OF ST. BERNADETTE. ON THE RIGHT IS THE ST. BERNADETTE MUSEUM.



DURING THE DEDICATION CEREMONY: A VIEW OF THE VAST BOAT-SHAPED INTERIOR OF THE NEW UNDERGROUND CHURCH OF ST. PIUS X.



DURING THE CONSECRATION CEREMONIES: PHOTOGRAPHERS GROUPED BEHIND THE CENTRAL ALTAR, WHICH WAS BLESSED BY CARDINAL RONCALLI, PATRIARCH OF VENICE.



THE START OF THE LONG CLERICAL PROCESSION: A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THE RELICS BEING BORNE BY PRELATES FROM THE BASILICA OF THE ROSARY TO THE NEW CHURCH.



BEFORE OFFERING INCENSE AT THE NEWLY-BLESSED CENTRAL ALTAR: SEVENTY-SIX-YEAR-OLD CARDINAL RONCALLI FILLING THE CENSER.

FRANCE: THE CONSECRATION OF THE VAST NEW UNDERGROUND CHURCH OF ST. PIUS X AT LOURDES.

On March 25, the Feast of the Annunciation, 20,000 pilgrims witnessed the magnificent ceremonies which attended the consecration of the interior of the vast new underground church of St. Pius X at Lourdes. Men and women from many parts of the world, who are attending the current celebrations of the centenary of St. Bernadette's vision of the Virgin Mary, saw the long clerical procession of archbishops, bishops and prelates leave the

Basilica of the Rosary, bearing to the new church the relics of three martyrs. On the previous day, Cardinal Roncalli, Patriarch of Venice, who presided at the ceremonies, had blessed the exterior of the church and, on March 25, he consecrated the interior during elaborate and colourful ceremonies which lasted for eight hours. These ceremonies ended with the celebration of Pontifical High Mass in the new church, which has a huge boat-shaped interior.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:
PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

THE DELEGATION OF POWER BY KING SAUD: A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE CROWN PRINCE, EMIR FAISAL.

On March 24 it was reported in Cairo that King Saud had signed a decree delegating full power over his kingdom's foreign, internal and economic affairs to his brother, the Crown Prince, who was already Prime Minister and Foreign Minister, and who has pro-Egyptian leanings. Saudi Arabian U.N. officials in New York said that the King would maintain his rôle as Head of State.



A NOTED CRICKETER DIES:

MR. PHILIP MEAD.

Mr. Philip Mead, the England and Hampshire left-hand batsman, died at the age of seventy-one on March 26. He had been blind for several years. His first appearance for Hampshire was in 1905, and his total of 55,060 runs is still among the highest on record. He scored 153 centuries and made over 1000 runs in a season 27 times, playing in seventeen Test matches.



A N.A.T.O. APPOINTMENT:

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR H. MURRAY.

After consultation with the national authorities concerned, General Norstad, Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, has appointed Lieut.-General Sir Horatius Murray to succeed Lieut.-General Sir C. Sugden as C.-in-C., Allied Forces, Northern Europe. General Murray has been G.O.C.-in-C., Scottish Command, since 1955, and will take up his new post in Oslo in July.



NOMINATED FOR ELECTION AS BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD: THE RIGHT REV. J. A. RAMSBOTHAM, BISHOP SUFFRAGAN OF JARROW.

The Queen has nominated the Right Rev. J. A. Ramsbotham, Bishop Suffragan of Jarrow, Archdeacon of Auckland, and Canon of Durham, for election by the Chapter of Wakefield as Bishop of Wakefield, in succession to the Right Rev. Dr. R. P. Wilson, on his translation to the see of Chichester. The Right Rev. J. A. Ramsbotham was educated at Haileybury and Cambridge.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE NEW HONDURAS AMBASSADOR: DR. ANTONIO MILLA PHOTOGRAPHED WITH HIS WIFE. Dr. Antonio Milla, the new Honduras Ambassador to Britain, arrived by air on March 24. He was accompanied by his wife and four children, and the photograph above was taken at the Honduras Embassy after his arrival in London, which he has not visited before.



THE WINNER OF AN OSCAR FOR HIS PART IN "THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI": ALEC GUINNESS (LEFT).

The British actor Alec Guinness has received the Hollywood Academy's award for the year's best performance by a male star for his part in "The Bridge on the River Kwai." The film was voted the best of the year, and David Lean, who directed the film, received the award for the best direction. The awards were presented in Hollywood on March 26, and Miss Jean Simmons was presented with the Oscar awarded to Alec Guinness, who was then filming in England.



BELIEVED TO BE THE WORLD'S FIRST WOMAN AIRLINE PILOT: MISS YAEL FINKELSTEIN.

Miss Yael Finkelstein, of an Israeli inland airline, who recently obtained her Captain's Licence, is believed to be the world's first woman commercial airline pilot. She is twenty-six, flew as an army pilot in the Sinai campaign, and has studied at the Hebrew University, Jerusalem.



APPOINTED K.C.V.O.: SIR PAUL MASON, BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO THE NETHERLANDS.

During the State visit to the Netherlands, Queen Elizabeth made several awards to diplomatic and consular representatives of the Commonwealth, and Sir Paul Mason, the British Ambassador at The Hague, was appointed Knight Commander of the Royal Victorian Order. Sir Paul Mason was made Ambassador to the Netherlands in 1954. He is 54 years of age.



A RUMANIAN DANCER SEEKS ASYLUM: MISS DOINA TRANDABUR. Miss Doina Trandabur, who is twenty-three, remained in Britain after "escaping" from the Rumanian State Dance Company, which had been touring here and which left London Airport for Prague on March 24. On a television appearance, Miss Trandabur said she had a boy friend who was at present in France. Her application to stay in Britain was being considered by the Home Office.



A LOSS TO LONDON UNIVERSITY: DR. UNA ELLIS-FERMOR.

Dr. Una Ellis-Fermor, Hilda Carlile Professor of English Literature in the University of London since 1947, died at the age of sixty-three, on March 24. She had written a number of books on drama, and won the Rose Mary Crawshay prize for English literature in 1930 for her work on Christopher Marlowe. She was General Editor of the Arden Shakespeare.



ELECTED FOR TORRINGTON: MR. MARK BONHAM CARTER, LIBERAL.

The result of the by-election in the Torrington division of Devon, for which voting took place on March 27, was as follows: Mr. M. Bonham Carter, Liberal, 13,408; Mr. A. H. F. Royle, National Liberal and Conservative, 13,189; Mr. L. Lamb, Labour, 8,697—Liberal majority, 219. It was the first Liberal victory over the two main parties in a by-election since 1929.

THE EPSTEIN MEMORIAL AT THE T.U.C. BUILDING; AND OTHER HOME NEWS.



(Left.)
THE NEW PUBLIC GARDEN OPPOSITE THE OLD VIC—LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL CONTRIBUTION TO THE AMENITIES OF THE THEATRE, WHICH GIVES A PLEASANTER SETTING TO THE OLD VIC.

(Right.)
IN THE COURTYARD OF THE NEW T.U.C. HEADQUARTERS: THE IMPRESSIVE EPSTEIN MEMORIAL TO THE TRADE UNION DEAD OF TWO WARS, AS THE STATUE WAS UNVEILED.

The new T.U.C. headquarters in Great Russell Street was opened on March 27 by Mr. Tom Yates, the Chairman of the General Council, who also unveiled (after a fanfare from the trumpeters of the Royal Horse Guards) its most impressive feature—the Epstein statue shown. This is in dull white Roman stone against a background of green marble, which at night is illuminated by the skylights of the Conference Hall.



AT THE FIRST JOINT PARADE OF THE MOUNTED SQUADRON AND THE ARMOURED CAR REGIMENT OF THE LIFE GUARDS: THE MOUNTED SQUADRON RIDING PAST.



ARMOURED CARS DRIVING PAST THE NEW COLONEL OF THE LIFE GUARDS, FIELD MARSHAL LORD HARDING, DURING THE REVIEW IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK ON MARCH 26. On March 26 in Windsor Great Park, their new Colonel, Field Marshal Lord Harding of Petherton, reviewed the Life Guards in a parade in which for the first time both the Mounted Squadron and the Armoured Car Regiment paraded together.



NOW UNDERGOING SERVICE TRIALS AND TO ENTER SQUADRON SERVICE IN JUNE: SUPERMARINE SCIMITARS AT THE ROYAL NAVAL AIR STATION AT FORD, SUSSEX.



THE SCIMITAR, THE NAVY'S NEWEST, FASTEST AND HEAVIEST AIRCRAFT, IS ALSO ITS NOISIEST; AND IS HERE SEEN WITH TWIN SILENCERS DURING ENGINE TESTS. The Scimitar, which is the Fleet Air Arm's first swept-wing aircraft, is also the noisiest ever to land on a flight deck; and special measures are being taken to reduce the noise in operation. Men on deck wear special ear padding and built-in earphones.



A MOVING EVENT OF THE STATE VISIT TO HOLLAND: THE LAYING OF A WREATH BY THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE NATIONAL MONUMENT IN AMSTERDAM.

One of the most moving events of the first day of the State visit to Holland was the laying of a wreath by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at the National Monument in Amsterdam. The Royal visitors left the Palace on foot and crossed Dam Square to the concrete Monument, which, with its gaunt sculptures, commemorates over 200,000 Dutch lives lost between 1940 and 1945. The Queen and the Duke made their way across the square between

smart lines formed by members of the student volunteer corps of the universities of Amsterdam, Leiden and Utrecht. By the memorial itself were a number of representatives of the wartime resistance movement. After the wreath had been laid, there was a minute's silence; a band played "Abide With Me," and after talking with the leader of the resistance veterans the Queen and the Duke then returned to the Palace.

THE QUEEN'S FIRST DAY IN HOLLAND: EVENTS IN AMSTERDAM.



HONOURING HOLLAND'S WAR DEAD: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH STAND IN SILENCE BEFORE THE NATIONAL MONUMENT IN AMSTERDAM AFTER LAYING A WREATH.



IN THE RIJKSMUSEUM: THE QUEEN, WITH THE BURGOMASTER OF AMSTERDAM, ADMIRING A PAINTING BY WILLEM VAN DE VELDE THE YOUNGER.



WORTH THOUSANDS OF POUNDS: THE ROYAL CIPHER, CONTAINING 3537 DIAMONDS, WHICH THE QUEEN SAW IN THE WORLD-FAMOUS ASSCHER DIAMOND WORKS.



THE VISIT TO THE ASSCHER DIAMOND FACTORY: H.M. THE QUEEN AND QUEEN JULIANA EXAMINING A BRITISH ROYAL CIPHER COMPOSED OF DIAMONDS.



AT THE ROYAL PALACE: THE BURGOMASTER OF AMSTERDAM PRESENTING MEMBERS OF THE CITY COUNCIL TO THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

During the afternoon of March 25, the first day of the State visit to Holland, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visited the Rijksmuseum and the Asscher Diamond Company's works in Amsterdam. After they had admired many of the fine paintings in the Rijksmuseum, the Royal visitors were driven to the famous diamond works, where they were shown a British Royal Cipher which contained as many as 3537 diamonds and was worth thousands of pounds. Queen Elizabeth was wearing for the occasion a magnificent



THE QUEEN, WEARING A MAGNIFICENT DIAMOND BROOCH PRESENTED SOME TIME AGO BY ASSCHER'S AND ACCOMPANIED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, PRINCESS BEATRIX (LEFT) AND PRINCESS IRENE (LEFT CENTRE), WATCHING A DIAMOND-CUTTER AT WORK.

diamond brooch, which she showed to eighty-three-year-old Mr. Louis Asscher, who cut the diamonds for it fifty years ago from the great Cullinan diamond, the main parts of which form part of the British Crown Jewels. In the morning, shortly after their arrival in Amsterdam in *Britannia*, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh had laid a wreath at the National Monument near the Royal Palace, and in the evening they attended a State banquet and a concert (illustrated on other pages).

BRILLIANT OCCASIONS AT AMSTERDAM: HIGHLIGHTS OF THE FIRST DAY.



AT THE CONCERT FOLLOWING THE BANQUET : (FRONT ROW, L. TO R.) PRINCESS BEATRIX, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, H.M. THE QUEEN, H.M. QUEEN JULIANA AND PRINCESS IRENE.



THE TWO QUEENS LEAVING FOR THE BANQUET AT THE ROYAL PALACE, BETWEEN THE DRAWN SWORDS OF TWO MEMBERS OF THE MARECHAUSSEE ON MARCH 25.

For the banquet and concert which closed the first day of the Royal visit H.M. the Queen chose a brilliant gown in sky-blue and primrose yellow, and wore the Order of the Lion of the Netherlands. Designed by Mr. Norman Hartnell, this gown was a soft version of the crinoline, with a swath

of blue sweeping across the primrose of the skirt. Both skirt and bodice carried embroidery of ruched lace, re-embroidered with aquamarines and pale topazes. At the concert Wagenaar's "Cyrano de Bergerac" Overture and Elgar's Enigma Variations were played.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE NETHERLANDS: THE BRILLIANT SCENE BEFORE THE BANQUET AT THE ROYAL PALACE, AS THE TWO QUEENS PASSED BETWEEN THE RANKS OF GUESTS.

The end of the first day of H.M. the Queen's three-day visit to the Kingdom of the Netherlands was marked by a brilliant state banquet in Holland's largest and most sumptuous Royal Palace—that fine seventeenth-century building which forms the whole of one side of the great square in Amsterdam which

is known as the Dam. There were 211 guests at this banquet; and our photograph was taken at the moment when Queen Elizabeth and her heiress Queen Juliana can be seen passing between the lines of guests on the way to the banqueting hall. Further back, the Duke of Edinburgh has paused to speak

to one of the guests and, immediately behind him, can be seen the Prince of the Netherlands and his two daughters, Princess Beatrix, the heiress presumptive, and Princess Irene. The banquet was marked by speeches from both the two Queens; and when raising her glass to Queen Juliana and drinking

to the friendship of the two countries, Queen Elizabeth said that she hoped the world would look on that friendship as "a symbol of the desire of all people for a new era of friendship and understanding throughout the world." The banquet was followed by a concert of the Concertgebouw Orchestra.

The above photograph shows the State Reception in the Knights' Hall, The Hague, on March 26.

CORRECTION: *At the last moment it was necessary to substitute the above photograph for the one we intended to use, and the caption therefore does not relate to the scene represented.*

The above photograph shows the State Reception in the Knights' Hall, The Hague, on March 26.

THE SECOND DAY IN THE NETHERLANDS: SCENES AT THE HAGUE AND UTRECHT.



DURING THE BRITISH RECEPTION AT THE "DIERENTUIN" IN THE HAGUE: HER MAJESTY RECEIVING A BOUQUET FROM ONE OF SIX CHILDREN REPRESENTING THE COMMONWEALTH.

WITH SOME OF THE BRITISH RESIDENTS IN THE NETHERLANDS: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TALKING TO GUESTS AT THE COMMONWEALTH RECEPTION.



A ROYAL SMILE AND A LITTLE GIRL'S ADMIRATION: THE QUEEN, WATCHED BY QUEEN JULIANA (RIGHT), RECEIVING A BOUQUET DURING AN ENGAGEMENT IN THE HAGUE.



AFTER A BRIEF VISIT TO THE ENGLISH CHURCH AT THE HAGUE: THE ROYAL PARTY RETURNING TO THEIR CAR. THIS CHURCH WAS BUILT TO REPLACE THAT DESTROYED IN 1945.



DURING THEIR VISIT TO THE EXHIBITION AT THE GEMEENTEMUSEUM: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE RECEIVING A PRESENTATION FROM THE MAYOR OF THE HAGUE.



A QUEEN LOOKS AT A QUEEN: HER MAJESTY STUDYING A PORTRAIT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH I IN "THE AGE OF SHAKESPEARE" EXHIBITION AT THE GEMEENTEMUSEUM WHICH SHE VISITED DURING THE AFTERNOON OF MARCH 26.



A JOVIAL MOMENT DURING THEIR VISIT TO THE UTRECHT TRADE FAIR: TO THE AMUSEMENT OF PRINCE BERNHARD (LEFT) AND OTHERS PRESENT, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH PLAYS A TUNE ON A MINIATURE BARREL ORGAN PRESENTED TO HIM FOR THE ROYAL CHILDREN.

On March 26, the second day of the State visit of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh to the Netherlands, her Majesty and Queen Juliana went to Aalsmeer, the centre of Dutch horticulture, where both Queens bid in the famous flower auction. Meanwhile, the Duke of Edinburgh, accompanied by the Prince of The Netherlands, toured the industrial fair at Utrecht, where both Princes spent some time examining a new Dutch helicopter. During

their drive to The Hague Queen Elizabeth and her hostess paid a short visit to the fishing port of Scheveningen, where they were most enthusiastically received by a large crowd, including fisherwomen. The two Queens and the two Princes met again at the quiet Royal palace of Huis ten Bosch, where they took luncheon. It was here that her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh met Princess Wilhelmina, the mother of Queen Juliana.



IN THE FAMOUS KNIGHTS' HALL IN THE BINNENHOF, AT THE HAGUE: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TALKING WITH THE DUTCH FOREIGN MINISTER, DR. J. LUNS, AT THE RECEPTION HELD AFTER THE GOVERNMENT DINNER.

The climax of the second day of the State visit to the Netherlands, March 25, was the dinner given by the Dutch Government in honour of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. This was held in the splendid Tréveszaal, one of the magnificent buildings of the famous Binnenhof, at The Hague. Her Majesty wore a deep-blue velvet dress with the Grand Cross of The Netherlands Lion, and a diamond tiara and necklace. The dinner was followed by a glittering reception in the famous Knights' Hall, the thirteenth-century building in the centre of the Binnenhof, which is used for State openings of the Dutch Parliament. Afterwards the Queen paid a short visit to the

Mauritshuis to see some of the treasures of this outstanding gallery. The afternoon of this crowded day had been devoted to activities with British associations. During their drive to the Gemeentemuseum the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, accompanied by Queen Juliana, paid a brief visit to the new English Church in The Hague, and to the English School housed in the church hall. At the Gemeentemuseum the Royal party toured "The Age of Shakespeare" Exhibition, much of which has been assembled from British collections and museums. The final "British" occasion was the reception given for about 2000 British Commonwealth guests.

THE VISIT TO THE NETHERLANDS:
FORMAL AND INFORMAL OCCASIONS.



AT SCHEVENINGEN : THE LEADER OF THE FISHERWOMEN'S CHOIR (L, CENTRE, BACK TO CAMERA) ABOUT TO PRESENT A SHAWL TO THE QUEEN WHOM SHE THEN EMBRACED.



ON THE LAST DAY OF THE ROYAL VISIT: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE LUNCHEON HELD IN HONOUR OF THE QUEEN IN THE TOWN HALL IN ROTTERDAM.



AT AALSMEER ON MARCH 26: THE QUEEN, FOLLOWED BY QUEEN JULIANA, WALKING PAST SOME OF THE MAGNIFICENT FLOWERS AT THE AALSMEER FLOWER AUCTION.



AT THE AALSMEER FLOWER AUCTION: THE QUEEN AND QUEEN JULIANA AND MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL ENTOURAGE BIDDING FOR BUNCHES OF CARNATIONS.



AT THE BUILDING CENTRE IN ROTTERDAM: THE DIRECTOR, MR. VAN ETTINGER, SHOWING THE QUEEN A MODEL OF THE CITY OF ROTTERDAM.

On the last day of the State visit to the Netherlands, March 27, Rotterdam gave Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh a great welcome and farewell. Before the luncheon given to the Royal visitors by the Municipality of Rotterdam in the Burgerzaal at the Town Hall, Queen Elizabeth and Queen Juliana visited a new municipal housing estate in the suburb of Overschie. There they went into the flat of a Dutch family where they were



AT A NEW MUNICIPAL HOUSING ESTATE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF ROTTERDAM: THE QUEEN AND QUEEN JULIANA VISITING A DUTCH HOME.

welcomed by Mr. Dodement, his wife and their small son. At the Town Hall in Rotterdam Queen Elizabeth was presented with gifts for the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne. During the afternoon the Royal party toured various departments of the Building Centre, where they saw a model of the city of Rotterdam. The last engagement before the formal farewell at the Parkkade was a visit to the English church of St. Mary's.

IN DELFT AND ROTTERDAM: THE FINAL DAY OF THE ROYAL STATE VISIT.



DURING THEIR VISIT TO THE HYDROLOGICAL LABORATORY AT DELFT: THE QUEEN AND QUEEN JULIANA ON THE SWINGING PLATFORM OVER AN EXPERIMENTAL POOL.



THE LAST MOMENTS ON DUTCH SOIL: THE CEREMONY ON THE QUAYSIDE AT ROTTERDAM AS THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WERE ABOUT TO BOARD BRITANNIA.

On the morning of March 27, the third and final day of their State visit to the Netherlands, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, accompanied by Queen Juliana, her husband and two elder daughters, visited the Hydrological Laboratory at Delft, where they saw the research work being done in Holland's age-old struggle against the sea. Rotterdam, where the Royal party arrived at lunchtime, gave its visitors a rousing welcome,

followed a few hours later by an equally warm farewell when the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh and their hosts drove to the Royal yacht, berthed at the Parkkade. Here the formal farewell ceremony took place, but later in the evening the Queen and the Duke were hosts to the Dutch Royal family for dinner on board *Britannia*. After dinner there was a brilliant firework display, and then *Britannia* cast off for home.



THIS group (Fig. 3) has several things to recommend it—rarity (which is financially of great importance), colour, quality of paste, and so on, all market points. Also its naive good humour puts it fairly high-up in the entertainment stakes. In addition, it seems to me a social document of considerable interest, because it shows pretty clearly that in the eighteenth century we appeared as curious and outlandish to the Chinese as, to judge by our own attempts to present the Chinese to our own people in ceramics, they did to us. Irrespective of its subject it is a gay affair. The man wears a broad black tricorn hat perched precariously on top of his long, curly hair, a green-flowered coat with gold trimmings, and an iron-red waistcoat and trimmings, and the girl a blue-flowered headdress, iron-red bodice and turquoise skirt. The man is clearly an awkward partner and my guess is that the girl does most of the steering, which, though contrary to the best practice, is not outside modern experience. The Chinese potter has obviously been intrigued by the curious capers indulged in by foreigners and, possibly without malice aforethought, has produced a burlesque of barbarian goings-on in the Treaty Ports. The tilt of the girl's head to the side is very acutely observed and so is the rather set expression on the man's regular features; you can almost hear him counting 1, 2, 3, 123 as he prances around. It has been suggested that these two are dancing a polka. Did one know the polka in the eighteenth century? Anyway, jig or polka, it demanded some very well-marked foot-raising which the author of this engaging piece was quick to note.

The obverse of the medal—European versions of the Chinese—can be illustrated by innumerable examples from every factory from Vienna to

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

(i.e., the same decorator worked for both factories). No more than the two dancing people of Fig. 3 is he a deliberate insult; he's just what we thought he must be like from our meagre knowledge.

From this world of light-hearted fantasy to something more serious is a longish step. Maybe



FIG. 1. AN EXAMPLE OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH TASTE: ONE OF A PAIR OF CHINESE PORCELAIN AND LOUIS XVI ORMOLU VASES, ONCE IN THE FONTHILL ABBEY COLLECTION. (Height, 12½ ins.) (Messrs. Christie's.)

Fig. 2, known to all Chelsea collectors as "The Crinoline Lady," is as good an example as can be found of a real triumph of the potter's craft as practised in England; in the opinion of most people as fine a piece of modelling as anything produced at Meissen and having this virtue in our eyes to-day—this very special virtue—that it is necessarily in soft paste instead of the brilliant hard paste—true porcelain—of the great German factory. Mark, the red anchor, i.e., between 1753 and 1758, the years when the Chelsea factory, under the direction of Nicholas Sprimont, a silversmith of Flemish origin, reached maturity and, by good team work, produced some singularly graceful models and decorated them sparingly. As to the paste, it is not only technically "soft paste," but soft and creamy to the eye and touch. This model, as are others of the same vintage, was inspired by Meissen—indeed, there was no factory in Europe which was not trying to come up to Meissen standards—and it is probable that while Sprimont and his work-people had a proper sense of pride in their achievement, they were all the time as mad as hatters that the secret of true porcelain continued to elude them as it eluded the French, whose early figures are no less enchanting.

I think the details of the decoration are worth emphasis, especially the way in which the painter has avoided plastering colour over the whole figure. The flower sprays scattered over the white dress are gilt, the bodice is tied with blue ribands to the front, shoulders and sleeves. The girl has a white head scarf tied beneath the chin and with her right hand she lifts her pink-lined skirt to reveal a yellow underskirt painted with flower sprays in colours and with gilt-fringed border. The base is encrusted with coloured flowers. H.M. Queen Mary owned a similar figure and there is another in that delightful little museum at Bedford (Cecil Higgins collection). If we happen to own any of the myriad figures or groups turned out by European factories in the eighteenth century, whether good, bad or indifferent, we are



FIG. 2. "A REAL TRIUMPH OF THE POTTER'S CRAFT AS PRACTISED IN ENGLAND": "THE CRINOLINE LADY"—A CHELSEA PORCELAIN FIGURE BEARING THE RED ANCHOR MARK. (Height, 6 ins.) (Messrs. Christie's.)

Worcester. Most of us stay-at-homes in the middle of the eighteenth century had only the vaguest notions even of the geographical position of China (as often as not we muddled it up with India) and derived our ideas of its inhabitants as much from the fairyland designs of Boucher and Pillement, well known from popular prints, as from anything else. There is the long-legged Chinaman with his parasol, with his dress hitched up for all the world as if he was wearing a bustle, an elegant, rather self-conscious boulevardier. He and his brothers and sisters are fairly familiar figures both on Bristol wares and on Worcester

so accustomed to place them in cabinets or above the fire-place that we forget the purpose for which many of them—and certainly the early German ones—were originally made. That was for table decoration rather than for room ornament. It had long been the custom in Germany at formal dinner parties to have on the table not only the family silver, but elaborate little sugar figures. Meissen in its early days did a large business in porcelain centre-pieces and figures which replaced those traditional sugar decorations—so the potter, in that respect, replaced the confectioner, no doubt to the disgust of the latter, who, in his way, was also an artist though working in a less durable material.

Finally, here is a Chinese vase (Fig. 1)—one of a pair—to illustrate a very special taste, that of the French throughout the eighteenth century. To the modern eye, it seems a trifle out of place to marry porcelain to ormolu, but it is necessary to visualise the surroundings in which such a vase would be placed—probably a richly-panelled room with a great deal of gilded furniture. Therefore—so went the theory—enrich the vase as well, and the beautiful *claire-de-lune* glaze would show up all the better by contrast. We think it odd, but that was the fashion, and whether we appreciate it or no, we can hardly fail to admire the high quality of the ormolu, cast and chased with scrolls, shell medallions and—most beautifully worked these—festoons of flowers. Date—about 1780.

With our many years of highly scientific research into the history of Chinese ceramics behind us, the activities of the Oriental Ceramic Society and some notable and illuminating illustrated books all devoted to various aspects of this immense subject, it is perhaps unusually difficult for us to put ourselves into the mind of French society under the Monarchy. Imports from China were, generally speaking, admired, but they were not a subject for learned



FIG. 3. "A SOCIAL DOCUMENT OF CONSIDERABLE INTEREST": A RARE CHINESE CH'EN LUNG GROUP OF TWO DANCING EUROPEAN FIGURES. FRANK DAVIS WRITES ABOUT THE THREE PIECES SHOWN HERE IN HIS ARTICLE THIS WEEK. (Height, 9½ ins.) (Messrs. Sotheby's.)

studies. They were seized upon with enthusiasm and groomed, as it were, for stardom—that is, they were dressed to harmonise with the other objects by which they were surrounded, much as a woman takes pains about her hair before she appears at the opera. What is really remarkable—and a similar treatment was given to Sèvres vases—is not the fashion itself, which is comprehensible enough, but the pains lavished upon these additions and the incomparable skill of the workers in ormolu, of which this Fig. 1 is a worthy example.

AT SOTHEBY'S: A LIVELY SALE OF MODERN PAINTINGS AND SCULPTURE.



SOLD FOR £20,500, THE HIGHEST PRICE OF THE SALE AND AN AUCTION RECORD FOR A CÉZANNE WATER-COLOUR: THE "PORTRAIT OF THE GARDENER VALIER." (19 by 11½ ins.)

TWO outstanding events in the well-attended auction at Sotheby's on March 26 were the sale of Epstein's statue "Genesis" and of the Cézanne water-colour "Portrait of the Gardener Valier." "Genesis" was sold for £4200 to a representative of Tussaud's at Blackpool. The "Portrait of the Gardener Valier" was bought for £20,500—the highest price ever paid at auction for a Cézanne water-colour. The previous record was £7500, at the Weinberg sale at Sotheby's last year. Three other water-colours by Cézanne were also sold. Other notable lots were Toulouse-Lautrec's "Mme. Lili Grenier en Kimono Japonais," which went for £15,500, and Picasso's "Femme Assise dans un Fauteuil," which fetched £9500. A Picasso drawing of 1900 fetched £1500. A Renoir painting, "La Fête de Pan," and a Degas, "Trois Danseuses, Jupes Jaunes," were not sold, being bought in at £14,000 and £11,000 respectively. The total realised in this outstanding sale for some 150 lots was £202,899.

(Right.) THE SCENE AT SOTHEBY'S ON MARCH 26. ON THE LEFT IS EPSTEIN'S "GENESIS," WHICH WAS SOLD FOR £4200.



BOUGHT BY TOOTH'S FOR £12,000: ONE OF SEURAT'S STUDIES FOR HIS WELL-KNOWN "UNE BAIGNADE, ASNIERES," AT THE TATE GALLERY. PAINTED IN 1883, IT WAS PROBABLY THE THIRD OF TEN PREPARATORY STUDIES. (Oil on panel: 6½ by 9½ ins.)

(Right.) SOLD FOR £8500: "JEUNE GUITARISTE DEBOUT," A CHARMING WORK BY RENOIR, FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE JACOB GOLDSCHMIDT. PAINTED IN ABOUT 1882-85. (Oil on canvas: 23½ by 12½ ins.)



"CHEMIN DE FER," A STRIKING MONET OF ABOUT 1878, WHICH WAS SOLD TO AGNEW'S FOR £9000. FROM THE CLAPISSON COLLECTION. (Oil on canvas: 19 by 30 ins.)



SOLD FOR £5000: "JEUNE FILLE ET ENFANT," BY HONORÉ DAUMIER. BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN PAINTED BETWEEN 1852 AND 1856. (Oil on canvas: 21½ by 24½ ins.)



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

VARYING FORTUNES OF DEER.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE members of the deer-family (*Cervidae*) are widely distributed in Europe, Asia and throughout America. None is found in Africa apart from the almost extinct Barbary stag, a form of the European red deer, surviving in Algeria and Tunisia. In Australia and New Zealand there are no deer except for those that have been introduced. The South American deer include the large marsh deer, fox-red with black legs, the Chilian pudu, 15 ins. high, the smallest of all deer, with small spikes for antlers, the pampas deer, about the size of the roe, and the guemals, medium-sized deer, one species of which is found only in the Andes at 10,000 to 16,000 ft. Leaving such as these aside, the family finds its greatest development in the northern hemisphere.

The fortunes of deer in the different parts of their range have been various within recent years. In Britain, the feud between those who favour stag-hunting and those who would abolish it by law has reached a higher pitch, probably, than ever before. In addition, the Deer Group of the Mammal Society of the British Isles is focusing attention more and more on these spectacular mammals. In Siam, Schomburgk's deer, whose much-branched antlers were bought and sold in the markets of South-East Asia, is now believed to be extinct. It has never been seen in the wild by Europeans and nothing is known of its habits.

In Canada, concern is being felt over the decline of the caribou, the North American cousin of the reindeer, as is shown by the several investigations within the last decade into its present status. Everywhere the story seems to be the same, that having successfully survived the presence of large predators, the deer suffer acutely from human interference. The one outstanding exception to this general statement is the white-tailed or Virginian deer, now the most abundant in the U.S.A.

A medium-sized deer, 3½ ft. at the shoulder, with fairly short branching antlers, the Virginian deer is reddish-brown in summer, greyish-brown in winter, and is distinguished by a prominent white tail patch, displayed in flight. It is widespread over the U.S.A. east of the Great Plains. Formerly, it was a mainstay for the Red Indians and later of the pioneer settlers, and in due course excessive hunting reduced its numbers to a low ebb.

Within more recent times stricter game laws and closed seasons have enabled the white-tailed deer to make a rapid recovery, and its numbers to-day are probably greater than before the white settlement of America. Two more factors have contributed to this spectacular increase. The puma, the lynx and the wolf, which would have kept the deer population within bounds, have been eliminated from its range. Then the clearing of vast forests, formerly covering much of the eastern states, has produced a far more congenial habitat. A browser by preference, the deer was not numerous in the primeval forest, which had little bushy undergrowth, but the secondary bush, which has grown where forest areas have been cleared, has provided it with ideal food and shelter.

Another factor that has contributed to this rapid re-population lies in the birth-rate. Normally there are two young at birth, occasionally three. Such numbers are higher than we usually associate with members of the deer-family, in which so often there is one young a year, rarely twins. So in deer as a whole we have once more the seeming paradox that the animals preyed upon have a lower birth-rate than those that prey upon them, yet they

manage, under natural circumstances, to outnumber by far their predators.

Deer are particularly defenceless. Although the males carry antlers, they are used, if at all, in fighting for territories in the breeding season. The moose defends itself against predators by striking with its powerful front legs and hoofs, but for most deer their real defence lies in their alertness and their keen senses. It may be, then, that in the varying fortunes of deer we can find a study of those things which make for survival.

It has become a commonplace to-day to speak of anything, whether it be a trick of behaviour or some particular bodily structure, that confers an advantage to its possessor, as having survival value. This is a perfectly fair assessment of the situation, but it is not the whole story. Acute senses, giving a ready awareness of danger, and speed in escaping would appear to be the perfect combination for animals that are devoid of means of attack, or lacking the spirit or ability to use them. They, surely, have a survival value. Yet, in a given herd of deer, living under wholly natural conditions, some individuals are bound to be killed by predators. On the whole, predators tend to take the weaklings and the sick, but this is by no means a rule. Keen senses and speed in movement do not, therefore, necessarily confer survival on the individual. As to the species, so long as the numbers are high it is in no danger, since predators take no more than a low percentage of the total. In fact, those

particularly in the matter of food. Some deer live entirely in open country, without any cover, on mountains or plains. Some hide in the long grass in river valleys, others inhabit dense forests. But in general it can be said that most deer prefer scrub or woodland, giving them some cover interspersed with, or bordering, open grassy spaces for grazing. In addition to grass, most deer will browse on shoots and leaves, will search for fallen



FAMILIAR IN WESTERN EUROPE IN PARKS, AND FOUND WILD AS A RESULT OF ESCAPES: THE FALLOW DEER (*DAMA DAMA*). NOTE THE SENSITIVE AND ALERT FACE OF THE HIND SHOWN HERE.



"FOR MOST DEER THEIR REAL DEFENCE LIES IN THEIR ALERTNESS AND THEIR KEEN SENSES": A RED DEER STAG CALF (*CERVUS ELAPHUS SCOTICUS*), SHOWING THE LARGE EARS WHICH HELP TO GIVE A SPEEDY WARNING OF DANGER.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

things we usually speak of as having a survival value do not effectively operate until the numbers are reduced. It is then that we can say the pressure of natural selection is at its height.

Incidentally, it is at such times, more particularly, that the unnatural selection, represented by human interference, can have its most disastrous effects on a species. It can, of course, also lead to a dangerously low level in numbers, and then, if continued, lead to extinction, as in the case of Schomburgk's deer.

Over and above mere survival, we have to look for those factors which result in abundance of numbers. We have seen how the white-tailed deer have increased so enormously by the unwitting production by man of a favourable environment,

naturally dwellers in the open forest, which has largely been destroyed. This change of habitat has also had another effect, typified in the antlers, which were larger and heavier in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries than those obtained recently.

So we have to think of survival, and of the factors affecting it, in terms of two stages at least, a desperate stage and a stage of abundance. The latter is dependent upon a favourable habitat, particularly as regards a plentiful supply of food. At such times the pressure of natural selection is at its lowest and what we normally call factors having a survival value are somewhat at a discount. In the desperate stage, when numbers are seriously depleted, and pressure of natural selection is at its highest, when the species is "hanging on by its eyebrows," factors having a real survival value will be accentuated.

AN EFFICIENT LIVING MOUSE-TRAP: THE GHOST-LIKE BARN OWL.

THESE fine studies of barn owls in North America, were taken in California where these birds are specially abundant in the south, although they are found all over the U.S. They are not more strictly nocturnal than some other owls but are chiefly active at night when these photographs were taken with an electronic flash. In flight the barn owl is easily identified by its nearly heart-shaped face, buff-coloured upper plumage, white underplumage with scattered spots, and its long, broad wings. In California their favourite food is the Pouched Gopher, a small burrowing rodent which does much damage to crops. In writing about the feeding habits of these owls the late Mr. W. L. Finley said: "An old owl will capture as much or more food than a dozen cats in a night. The owlets are always hungry; they will eat their own weight in food every night and more if they could get it. A case is on record where a half-grown owl was given all the mice it could eat. It swallowed eight in rapid succession. The ninth was swallowed all but the tail which for some time hung out of the bird's mouth. The rapid digestion of the Raptors is shown by the fact that in three hours the little glutton was ready for a second meal and swallowed four additional mice. If this is the performance of a single bird, the effect that a whole nestful of owls would have on the vermin of a community is self-evident."

Photographs by G. E. Kirkpatrick and L. W. Walker.

(Right.)

WIDELY KNOWN IN PARTS OF THE UNITED STATES AS THE "MONKEY-FACED" OWL: A BARN OWL, ABOUT TO TAKE OFF FROM A BRANCH, DISPLAYS ITS LONG AND POWERFUL WINGS, WHICH ARE WHITE BEHIND AND SCATTERED WITH SPOTS.



"LOVELY ARE THE CURVES OF THE WHITE OWL SWEEPING": THE FAMILIAR BARN OWL IN FLIGHT IN CALIFORNIA.



But for me it was not entirely unmitigated.

One afternoon, when things were at their very worst, I went out to feed my gossip of eight hens and stopped, in passing, to glance at my largest stone trough rock garden. Actually the trough is a great Saxon coffin, large man's size, which a neighbour gave me a few years ago. I found it covered with about an inch of snow which had fallen a day or two before, and there, in the midst of the snowfield, was an area covering no more than half a square inch, of sheer high Alpine delight. A solitary specimen of that smallest of crocus species, *C. vernus*, was in full flower, though not expanded, and the clever little thing had melted for itself a circular funnel-like hole in the surrounding snow. If there had been soldanellas flowering there, it is certain that they, too, would have melted for themselves small holes in the surrounding snow in which their fringed bell-blossoms could stand erect and free.

That small *Crocus vernus* in my garden, standing in its self-melted snow-pit after the recent blizzard, took my memory straight back to countless visits to the High Alps in June, where, at an altitude of 7000 or 8000 ft., there would be the familiar and enchanting sight of millions of the little Alpine Crocus, both white and mauve, together with soldanellas, flowering where the snow was shallow on the fringes of melting drifts and patches. The sight of these tiny flowers, poking up through their inch or so of snow-blanket, each having somehow melted itself free, is one of the many fascinating miracles of the High Alps.

Once upon a time I either read or was told the scientific explanation of how these small flowers contrive to melt the snow surrounding them, so that they stand free-in-air, each in its little pit in the surrounding inch-deep snow. But I have forgotten how it is done, whether the flowers and their stems develop a special supply of central self-heating for the occasion or, no, I forget what the scientist said, and anyway, being highly unscientific-minded myself I prefer to regard it as a very pretty miracle, a miracle being a thing which could not possibly happen—but which has.

I collected a few corms of *Crocus vernus*, both the white form and the mauve, the last time I was in the Alps, and planted them in a scattered colony in my big stone coffin rock garden, and to my delight, and greatly to my surprise, they have survived and flowered for several years.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

ALPINE SPRING IN THE ROCK GARDEN.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

On several occasions in the past I have brought home small lots of this charming little crocus, and always they have failed to survive in captivity. Apparently there is something about this species which makes it difficult to grow. I do not remember ever having met it flowering in gardens, nor on rock-garden exhibits at R.H.S. shows. Yet countless keen amateur rock-gardeners must have met the plant in the Alps, been enchanted by it, and collected and brought home corms for their gardens. It is curious to find the mauve- and the white-flowered forms of *Crocus vernus* growing together, in about equal quantity, often with wide drifts of each giving a curiously piebald effect.

Although this tiny crocus is so scarce in gardens, there is another crocus with larger mauve or light

bulbs were brought, I am told, from another Gloucestershire churchyard. I have seen, too, a photograph of this same crocus growing in great profusion in the garden of the late Miss Willmott at Warley, in Essex. It has much larger flowers than the little *Crocus vernus* which I have known in the Alps, and has the virtue of being apparently easy to colonise in grass. To look up the true facts about these two so very different versions under the name *Crocus vernus* is one of the things which I have long meant to do.

Another dwarf Alpine bulbous plant which I have collected in the past but failed to persuade to tolerate captivity is *Colchicum alpinum*. In general habit it resembles many other colchicums—*C. speciosum*, for instance, but *speciosum* reduced to a height of no more than 2 or 3 ins. The colour is the same pinkish-mauve as *C. speciosum*, though several shades paler. The plant is apparently rare in nature, or rather, local in distribution. It has been recorded, I think, as growing in the Mount Cenis region, but although I have hunted over that district pretty thoroughly

and on several occasions, I never managed to find it there. But at Val d'Isère, many years ago, when the place was a tiny unspoilt village with one habitable, but primitive hotel, I found *Colchicum alpinum* in full flower and growing in great quantity in short Alpine turf. A most charming miniature. I collected corms of it, but they disapproved of either me or my methods, and within a few years it had died out on me. Nor did I hear of any success with it from any of the keen gardeners among whom my *Colchicum alpinum* was distributed.

At Val d'Isère, too, I came upon the very rare *Saxifraga x patens*, a wild, natural hybrid between *Saxifraga cæsia* and *Saxifraga aizoides*. In habit it is near *S. cæsia*, with less silvery leaves, and pale butter-yellow flowers. It is not a particularly valuable plant for

cultivation in the rock garden or the Alpine house, but interesting as a wild, natural hybrid between two such dissimilar species as its parents are.

Some years later I made this same cross artificially, but used as pollen-parent the richly-coloured variety of *Saxifraga aizoides atrorubens*, whose flowers are deep orange-red instead of the normal yellow type, *S. aizoides*. The result was an improvement on the wild hybrid which I had found at Val d'Isère. Its buds were deep apricot-gold, and the open flowers rich butter-yellow. It was distributed from my Stevenage nursery as *Saxifraga patens*, Elliott's Variety, but I lost it either during the war, or when I migrated from Stevenage to the Cotswolds. It was an attractive plant without being an absolute first-fighter. I hope it still exists in the garden of some Alpine enthusiast, but if it has become extinct in cultivation, it should be easy to reproduce by repeating the somewhat unnatural marriage.



"BEING HIGHLY UNSCIENTIFIC-MINDED MYSELF, I PREFER TO REGARD IT AS A VERY PRETTY MIRACLE": CROCUSES (NOT *C. VERNUS*) FLOWERING THROUGH THE SNOW.

violet flowers, which goes under the name *C. vernus*. There is a small drift of it growing in rough grass in the churchyard of the Cotswold village in which I live. The



THE FRINGED BELLS OF *SOLDANELLA MONTANA*, A MEMBER OF A GENUS VERY MUCH ADDICTED TO POKING THEIR FLOWERS THROUGH A CARPET OF SNOW.

Photographs by D. F. Merrett.

A SOLUTION TO EVERY GIFT PROBLEM.

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OLD AND NEW; AND NEW FROM OLD: SOME BUILDINGS IN THE NEWS.



CONVERTED FROM NINETY-YEAR-OLD HOUSES: FOUR HOUSES (RIGHT) IN CEDARNE ROAD, FULHAM, WHICH ARE NOW FLATS AND FLATLETS FOR OLD PEOPLE.

The Fulham Borough Council is modernising and converting twenty-four Victorian houses in Cedarne Road, S.W.6, to provide forty-eight flats or flatlets, some for old people. The completed houses are open for public inspection until April 12. Our photograph also shows two houses (left) on which work has not yet been started.



IN CONGRESS HOUSE, LONDON, THE NEW H.Q. OF THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS WHICH WAS FORMALLY OPENED ON MARCH 27: A VIEW OF THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

The new headquarters of the Trades Union Congress, Congress House, in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, was opened on March 27. The building has been described as a memorial to British Trade Unionists who lost their lives in the two World Wars. The Council Chamber, which is on the sixth floor, has long glass windows looking outwards to St. Paul's.



IN THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON STUDENTS' UNION BUILDING: STUDENTS USING EQUIPMENT WHICH ENABLES FOUR OF THEM TO HEAR DIFFERENT RECORDS SIMULTANEOUSLY.

Students in the Music Room in the University of London Students' Union building in Malet Street, Bloomsbury (which was opened by the Queen Mother last October), can be seen here enjoying the gift of the University's Convocation Trust Fund. This equipment enables four students to listen to different records at the same time.



TO BE OPENED TO THE PUBLIC FOR THE FIRST TIME ON APRIL 5: RAGLEY HALL, THE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY HOME OF THE MARQUESS OF HERTFORD.

Seventeenth-century Ragley Hall, near Alcester, Warwickshire, is to open its doors to the public on April 5 and, thereafter, one day a week in summer. The house, which has belonged to the Conway Seymour family for nearly 300 years, shows works of three main periods, Robert Hooke (1679-83); James Gibbs (c. 1750-55) and James Wyatt (c. 1790).



IN CHELTENHAM: A PAIR OF HOUSES WHICH HAVE BEEN MODERNISED AND CONVERTED INTO FLATS ON LINES APPROVED BY THE CHELTENHAM REGENCY SOCIETY.

The Cheltenham Regency Society, which exists to safeguard the fine Regency architecture for which the town is famous, approves the modernisation of the pair of houses shown above. The original basements are now garages, and the end portion (left) has been built on to provide stairways to the flats.



IN THE NEARLY-COMPLETED INNER TEMPLE LIBRARY: SOME OF THE 90,000 BOOKS WHICH WILL BE KEPT THERE BEING PUT ON THE SHELVES.

The literary treasures of the Inner Temple are once more safely housed in the almost-completed library of the rebuilt buildings. The library, which is spaciously planned in English oak and has many galleries and rooms, contains some 90,000 books, some of which can be seen being placed on shelves in this photograph.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

HEROES OF YESTERDAY

By ALAN DENT.

THE film of "Dunkirk" has enough virtues—both positive and negative—to make it a film which must not on any account be missed by any sort of filmgoer, regular or irregular. Those of us who remember the great retreat—known at the time as a "strategic withdrawal"—will be startled at the reminder that it all happened no less than eighteen years ago. Those of us who are too young to remember these startling events should make a particular point of seeing it. Such may be more interested in the new missiles than in the old muddle. But they are bound to be struck by the intimation of the fact that we all but lost the war at this exact point in history.

A news feature which I remember vividly in those days—the spring of 1940—was a daily diagram showing the spectacular German advance into France. The rapid encirclement and fall of Abbeville I remember for some reason even more than the eventual and indeed almost immediate fall of Paris itself. The advance was known as The Bulge, and there was just no stopping it, even though we knew vaguely that we had half-a-million troops in France doing what they could—which was, apparently and depressingly, hardly anything at all. I am so much a man "in show business" that it is unlike me to remember anything so much belonging to the actuality of those days. But the terrible uneasiness in the air at that particular phase of the war has ever since persisted in my theatre-soaked mind—possibly because it was dramatically so suggestive. And most clearly of all do I remember how the tension was suddenly broken.

One evening, in May or June of that year, I was sitting in the London office of the *Manchester Guardian* talking to the London editor, the great James Bone—who is still blessedly and even assertively with us, even in his retirement—and probably bemoaning the stagnancy into which the British theatre had temporarily fallen. Suddenly there burst into the room without ceremony a little sub-editor with the news that had just "come through"—that an astonishing fleet made up of

glee with which he told me so, making the situation as clear as he could to a befogged and still somewhat dismayed dramatic critic.

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



JUNE ARCHER, WHO GIVES AN "IMMENSELY NATURAL AND TOUCHING PERFORMANCE" AS LOVEJOY, IN THE RANK ORGANISATION'S "INNOCENT SINNERS." (LONDON PREMIERE: LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE, MARCH 20.)

Of his choice this week Alan Dent writes: "This Cockney child, June Archer, gives an immensely natural and touching performance in a new film called 'Innocent Sinners' based by Neil Paterson on a novel by Rumer Godden. Time will show whether she can ever play anything other than a Cockney waif. But she has meantime been fortunate in her director, Philip Leacock, who has a way with children which is rivalled only by that of Sir Carol Reed."

ourselves. Its method is to tell us two quite distinct stories which converge, as it were, on the fatal beach. The one concerns a little group of soldiers, led by a corporal (John Mills), which has become detached from its unit and is caught up in the general drift of something like one-third of a million men towards Dunkirk and the rather remote chance of rescue. The other concerns two of the rescuers who come across the Channel—one willing (Bernard Lee) and the other unwilling (Richard Attenborough). The three main parts specified are particularly well played, though there is hardly time for any individual character-drawing, and a large number of subsidiary characters hardly get the opportunity to make any mark at all. They are all heroes in despite of themselves, heroes without heroics. It is one of the film's long list of negative virtues that there is barely a dash of sentimentality or of jingoism in all its dialogue. In effect each and all of the escaping soldiery—stranded on the dunes, under assault from enemy aircraft, often up to their armpits in water in a waiting queue—is in the position of Shakespeare's unnamed Boy at Harfleur who, while Bardolph and Nym and Pistol were pushing vaingloriously on towards the breach, has the sudden and shatteringly human exclamation:—"Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety." Hundreds of thousands of men at Dunkirk got their pots of ale in the end. They got their fame as well, for what it has been worth.

In one particular—if in only one—the new film called "Innocent Sinners" resembles "Dunkirk": it steers clear, or at least tries hard to steer clear, of sentimentality. It is about a little wisp of Cockneydom—beautifully played by June Archer—who makes a little secret garden in the grounds of a bomb-damaged church somewhere around Battersea. She is helped by some rough but not too rough boys. They steal soil from rich gardens, and she herself steals money from the church, though she takes it back in the end. In the background are Flora Robson and Catherine Lacey as rich and far-off spectators at these goings-on, one



THE EVACUATION FROM FRANCE IN 1940: A SCENE FROM THE EALING FILM "DUNKIRK" WHICH, ALAN DENT WRITES, "MUST NOT ON ANY ACCOUNT BE MISSED BY ANY SORT OF FILMGOER, REGULAR OR IRREGULAR."

every little pleasure-steamer, houseboat, and dinghy available throughout the British Isles was making its way to Dunkirk to carry our soldiers on the beaches back to England. This great news only very gradually seeped through to the public Press, as was the nature of news in those days. But there was something very warming and memorable in being present at the first intimation of a piece of important news—at once so poignant and so cheering—in the very heart of Fleet Street itself. It was not as if the war was over, or anything so joyous as that. It was, on the contrary, a piercing reminder that the war had really started at last. We had had a tremendous setback. Would it act as a challenge and a general waking-up? It was my editor's opinion that it would, and I recall the chuckling

This striking and momentous film—an Ealing production directed by Leslie Norman—shows us clearly the fix we were in and exactly how we extricated



TIP (CHRISTOPHER HEY) AND LOVEJOY IN ANOTHER SCENE FROM "INNOCENT SINNERS," A FILM ABOUT A LITTLE COCKNEY GIRL WHO MAKES A SECRET GARDEN IN THE GROUNDS OF A BOMB-DAMAGED LONDON CHURCH, AND BASED ON A NOVEL BY RUMER GODDEN.

sympathetic and understanding, the other hard and misunderstanding.

The film is extraordinarily sensitive and worth-while. It is good enough sometimes to remind us of that French masterpiece, "Jeux Interdits," and it still oftener reminds us of another warmly understanding study of children, "The Kidnappers," which was, in fact, the work of the same director, Philip Leacock. The little heroine, whose mother is worthless and has deserted her, finds a foster-father in an ambitious but poverty-crippled restaurateur hauntingly well played by David Kossoff. No brief résumé of this film can possibly indicate how miraculously it avoids mawkishness.

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"THE SILENT ENEMY" (Generally Released: March 24) and "CARVE HER NAME WITH PRIDE" (Generally Released: March 31).—Both of these are recommended as studies of particular heroism in the last war. Both are gruelling but uplifting, and both have their leavening of characteristic British humour.

"THE DUKE WORE JEANS" (Generally Released: March 31).—This has that youthful guitarist and singer, Tommy Steele, who exclaimed the other day, and not without justice on his side:—"If I am good enough to appear before the Queen of England I'm good enough for Pretoria City Council." His film, too, is good enough, in its way.

THE LOSS OF R.M.S. TITANIC: ONE OF THE GREATEST SEA DRAMAS AS A FILM.



IN BOAT NO. 6: THE IRREPRESSIBLE AND COURAGEOUS MRS. BROWN (TUCKER McGUIRE), STANDING, CENTRE, WITH OAR, TAKES THE LIFEBOAT BACK FOR OTHERS.



AFTER THE TITANIC SANK: A STOKER TRIES TO FIGHT OFF OTHER SURVIVORS SO AS TO SAVE THE OVERTURNED COLLAPSIBLE LIFEBOAT FROM DISASTER.



AFTER MORNING CAME AT LAST: COLONEL GRACIE (JAMES DYRENFORTH) LOOKS UP AT SECOND OFFICER LIGHTOLLER (KENNETH MORE) AS THE RESCUE SHIP IS SIGHTED.



SAVED BY COURAGE, INITIATIVE, LUCK AND . . . WHISKY: CHIEF BAKER CHARLES JOUGHIN (GEORGE ROSE), A HERO OF THE DISASTER AND THE LAST MAN TO LEAVE THE LINER AND LIVE.



FIFTH OFFICER LOWE (HOWARD PAYS) SNATCHES THE SHAWL OFF A TOO AGILE SURVIVOR AND A TERRIFIED WHITE-FACED MAN (KEITH FAULKNER) STARES UP AT HIM.



HELPING WOMEN INTO THE BOATS: CHIEF BAKER JOUGHIN, WHO HAD TO RESORT TO FORCIBLE METHODS OF RESCUING THE LADIES WHEN PERSUASION FAILED.



AS THE BOW PLUNGED DEEPER AND THE STERN ROSE HIGHER: A DRAMATIC SCENE BEFORE THE GREAT LINER SANK IN THE ICY NORTH ATLANTIC.

One of the greatest and most dramatic tragedies of the sea took place on April 15, 1912, when, on her maiden voyage, the White Star liner *Titanic* sank in the icy waters of the North Atlantic with the loss of more than 1500 lives. Not only was it the greatest peacetime marine disaster of all time, this loss of a ship described as "unsinkable," but it has been described as marking "more than any other single event . . . the end of the old days, and the beginning of a new, uneasy era." The full story of the nine-hour-long

drama which attended the sinking of R.M.S. *Titanic* has been told by Mr. Walter Lord in his book "A Night to Remember" (Longmans; 16s.). Now, Mr. Lord's vivid account has been made into a film of the same name at the Pinewood Studios. "A Night to Remember" (The Rank Organisation) stars Kenneth More as the *Titanic*'s 2nd Officer, C. H. Lightoller. The film, which is expected to have its première sometime during the spring or early summer, is produced by Mr. William MacQuitty and directed by Mr. Roy Baker.



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



WITHOUT BREAK.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT is no good—and if I have said this before, some time ago, bear with me—I do not like intervals. Some playgoers seem to love them passionately. One can imagine these dear people, on being asked what a night was like, crying with immoderate glee, "The intervals were splendid!" No sooner has a curtain quivered down than they are racing, usually from the middle of a row, to join the gangway crush and to meet their signalling friends. Presently the auditorium is almost bare except for one or two little islands, like atolls on the ocean; plant a palm tree or so, and the thing would be complete. I am usually on one of the islets, waiting for the curtain to rise again, and regretting that there should have been any kind of brightly-lit break to disperse the atmosphere and to shred illusion.

Still, there it is: the theatre is unlikely to change its habits. I keep some long, sustained nights in grateful memory: a "Pericles," for example, at Rudolf Steiner Hall some years ago, when John Harrison insisted that we should move from peril at Antioch to reunion at Mytilene without break: a gallant insistence indeed, because this Levantine adventuring, with its many changes of place and its relative unfamiliarity, would not have been one's choice for a long haul. But the audience enjoyed the discipline, and so did those at Cambridge five years ago (when "Titus Andronicus," without interval, filled one half of the evening, and "Friar Bacon" the other), at the Old Vic last spring ("Titus" and "The Comedy of Errors" in a double bill), and at the Mahatma Gandhi Hall recently: a "Phèdre" unbroken. I am all for this, though I did sympathise with a colleague, a few years ago, who had a bad attack of asthma while listening to Montherlant's convent play, "Port-Royal," in Paris. The theatre was pin-still and packed; my colleague dared not move, and every time it seemed possible that the curtain might fall, another Sister had something to say that delayed it further.

I am wandering from my pleasant duty. This is to thank the British Council and the Marlowe Society of the University of Cambridge for one of the rarest afternoons and evenings I remember of late. The Council and the Society have combined in a plan for recording the entire works of Shakespeare, and I was able to listen to the first three sets of long-playing records (three full plays) with the minimum of intervals. It meant little to rise now and then to turn a record as one might turn the toast at a good, clear fire. This was a blissful occasion, and all the more so because the plays were presented uncut and without freaks of production. It was the word unadorned, and, as one who finds the lucid, uninterrupted speaking of Shakespeare the most exciting of theatrical experiences, I can say simply that the hours were pure gold.

I said "theatrical experiences." Let me make it clear that a recording cannot replace the excitement of a major Shakespearian production in the theatre. But what these records do achieve, superbly, is to offer to a listener, who is prepared to listen, an entire text, interpreted lucidly and intelligently, with nothing to get in the poet's way. The performances are not flat: the anonymous members of the Marlowe Society, past and present, under George Rylands's direction, speak with tingling effect. There are no eccentric featherings

of detail, no flutters of caprice. It is Shakespeare speaking for himself, and allowing us to hear much that we shall watch for in later stage productions. I wager that even the most ready Shakespearian may learn things while playing these records that he has not noticed before: lines that rise suddenly and announce themselves to the startled ear. I think especially of the coming of Othello's ship to Cyprus on that stormy day. Now, much too often, a director is at pains to tell us that it is a windy afternoon. In the smother we have lost the glorious lines. Howlings attend them; excesses of production become

like a clumsy collocation of proper names. But when heard in the battle-heat—and it has been heard seldom in my recollection—it does summon a wild picture of those heroes of myth in conflict on the Phrygian plain. Both of these things are minor. But none of the major qualities of the three chosen plays is lost. "Troilus and Cressida," "Othello" and "As You Like It" (issued by the Argo Record Company, of London, in association with the Cambridge University Press) come to us in vocal grandeur or beauty: a full-scale treatment in which the few falterings are inconspicuous, and the characters—whether we know them well, or are fresh to them—seem to have been born in the instant that we meet them first.

It is this freshness and truth that makes so fine a thing of the beginning of a spoken Shakespeare theatre in the home or the school. The text is the New Shakespeare, Dr. Dover Wilson's. I was especially impressed by the Pandarus, Ulysses, and Cressida; the Othello and Iago; and the Jaques. Pandarus had the firm line of the character without adding an anxious characterman's quirks and wheezes; Ulysses had an infallible feeling for his rhythms; Othello and Iago grew in the fearful mind; and Jaques refused to preach. I hope to hear these performances again and again—without intervals at each playing—and certainly I salute the enterprise that has so brought the word to the grateful ear. "King Richard the Second," "Coriolanus" and "Julius Caesar" are next in line.

I am afraid that, at "The Kidder's" (St. Martin's) I objected to the intervals only because they lengthened the evening. I did not get on terms with this piece in its American setting (a small Middle Western town) when it was done at the Arts last autumn, and I was even less responsive to the St. Martin's version. What is the trouble? It is not that the dramatist, Donald Ogden Stewart, lacks technical address. It is merely a failure to animate his people: They talk and talk. They are clever, in a madly self-conscious way, about love and business. They roll metaphors on the tongue. This dialogue is shiny (not shining); it has a tedious obliquity; and nothing happens to the speakers in which (though I testify only for myself) one can feel remotely engaged. I am more than delighted that the Arts has decided to transfer its rich production of "The Iceman Cometh" to the Winter Garden (an appropriate home,

surely). To compare that with "The Kidder's" is to compare a banquet with a dry biscuit. Still, acting at the St. Martin's is always alert and eager and what the cast, headed by Lyndon Brook and Faith Brook, can do, it does.

The single interval at the Players' Theatre, during "Gentlemen's Pastime," did not matter much. By that time one was mildly dazed, a shade drowsy perhaps, and remained so until the end of the night. This is a "new musical" for which Marion Hart has written book, lyrics and score. There is a Professor of Sociology (Ernest Clark) who is also a Professor of Crime—now who wrote a play with a Professor of Phonetics?—and there is a good deal of mild business about the training of crooks and the love-affairs of a Texan heiress, and a little Irish girl. We have had lively nights at the Players', and we shall have more. This can be taken merely as an interval.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

- "BREATH OF SPRING" (Cambridge).—Peter Coke's comedy about surprising events in Kensington. With Athene Seyler. (March 26.)
- "HALF-IN-EARNEST" (Belgrade, Coventry).—New theatre opens with a musical version of "The Importance of Being Earnest." (March 27.)
- "THE ICEMAN COMETH" (Winter Garden).—O'Neill's play, transferred from the Arts. (March 29.)
- "TWELFTH NIGHT" (Old Vic).—Barbara Jefford as Viola. (April 1.)
- "NOT IN THE BOOK" (Criterion).—Wilfred Hyde White, Avice Landone, and Sydney Tafler in a new play by Arthur Watkin. (April 2.)
- "A RESOUNDING TINKLE" and "THE HOLE" (Royal Court).—Double bill by N. F. Simpson; English Stage Company's second anniversary. (April 2.)



"THIS IS A 'NEW MUSICAL' FOR WHICH MARION HART HAS WRITTEN BOOK, LYRICS AND SCORE": "GENTLEMEN'S PASTIME" (PLAYERS'), SHOWING A SCENE FROM DON GEMMELL'S PRODUCTION.



MR. DONALD OGDEN STEWART'S CHARACTERS "TALK AND TALK. THEY ARE CLEVER, IN A MADLY SELF-CONSCIOUS WAY, ABOUT LOVE AND BUSINESS": "THE KIDDER'S," SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY IN WHICH DAN (LYNDON BROOK) RUNS AMOK WITH HIS MACHINE-GUN.

"The Kidder's," first produced at the Arts Theatre last autumn, opened at the St. Martin's Theatre on March 18. This scene shows (l. to r.) Eddie Sanborn (Dermot Walsh); Agnes Potter (Faith Brook), Chase Allen (Richard Caldicot), Jennie Potter Hughes (Betty McDowell), Steve Bucknell (Gordon Tanner), and Dan Hughes (Lyndon Brook).

themselves "the guttered rocks, and congregated sands, Traitors insteeped to clog the guiltless keel."

Then, too, in "Troilus and Cressida," there is, in the last act, a speech for Agamemnon—one beginning "Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas hath beat down Menon"—that looks on the page

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THE BOILED STEMS—IN THIS CASE OF COW PARSLEY—ARE POURED INTO THE BEATER, IN ORDER TO BE REDUCED TO A SMOOTH PULP.



HERE THE WIRE FRAME, OR MOULD, TOGETHER WITH THE DECKLE, IS LOADED WITH PULP, FROM WHICH THE WATER DRAINS AWAY.



THE LOADED MOULD IS PRESSED ON A FELT AND LIFTED TO LEAVE BEHIND A SHEET OF WET PAPER. NOTE THE WATER-MARK ON THE FRAME.



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Paper is one of the vital raw materials of communication, commerce and industry. Forests are cut down and processed through huge machines to produce it ceaselessly and efficiently—but without the character, beauty and dignity possible in hand-made papers. Mr. John Mason, F.R.S.A., of the Leicester College of Art, writes: "Not so long ago paper was made by hand in single sheets—indeed, there are three small mills still making white hand-mades. But lovely coloureds and exciting decorative papers are not obtainable. A few years ago I decided to begin some experiments with very simple equipment. Some grass cuttings from my lawn were boiled with caustic soda to remove the non-fibrous substances; and then washed clean with water and strained through a linen bag. An ordinary fine nylon sieve was floated in a sink filled with water and into it placed two handfuls of the grass fibre. The sieve was partly submerged and the fibre distributed evenly.



MUCILAGE IS POURED INTO A TANK CONTAINING THE NYLON FIBRE LYING ON A WIRE MOULD. THE LIQUID DRAINS AWAY AND NYLON PAPER IS LEFT.

The sieve was lifted, the water drained away, leaving a fine layer of waterleaf. Half an hour in the sun and I peeled off my first sheet of paper. Coarser plants were then boiled up and pulped down with a pestle and mortar. A rectangular wire sieve, properly called the mould, was the next step. This, with a loose-fitting outer frame known as the deckle, enabled me to make sheets in a more efficient manner. Paper from iris leaves, montbretia, gladiolus, nettles, beanstalks and cow parsley soon followed. Then came sheets with coloured threads, skeleton leaves and other decorative devices incorporated. I outgrew my accommodation and transferred part of my work to the Leicester College of Art. There we obtained a small beater and an electrically-heated vat. Our scope enlarged, we experimented with man-made fibres until, one morning, we found that we had become famous overnight as the first in Europe to produce paper from nylon and terylene."

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THIS week is wholly, though very variously, dedicated to occult powers—super- or abnormal, if not divine. In the first and supreme case, we expect it. "The Sibyl," by Pär Lagerkvist (Chatto and Windus; 10s. 6d.), like so much of his *œuvre*—and perhaps with more claim than anything but "Barabbas"—might be vulgarly called "The Hound of Heaven." In a way, he has no other subject and never had. And its uniqueness lies not only in depth of vision and intense feeling, but in the emphasis on revulsion. His gytrash never becomes acceptable to the prey; it is a true Hound of the Baskervilles, cruel, repellent—and even phony. Yet inescapable.

"In a little house on the mountain slopes above Delphi lived an old woman with her witless son. . . ." In outline, the fable may sound grotesque. This old woman in her hut, living among goats with a grey-haired, perpetually-smiling mooncalf, was once the greatest of Pythias. After many years of it, she "sinned against god and man," and was driven out with curses. But she lived on; and now a stranger is climbing up to her nest. When this pilgrim could get no answer in Delphi, an old, blind beggar showed him the way. And indeed he and the sibyl are fellow-victims. He, too, has seen god; one day, he prevented an unknown criminal from leaning against his house, and the man cursed him. His unblest wanderings have proved the felon to be god's son—and stamped "divine love" as the return of evil for evil, and eternal torture of a man no wickeder than his neighbours. The Wanderer hates this god. What will be his destiny?

But the priestess can't answer. She can only relate her own experience of god's love—which nosed after a poor country girl, blighted the peace and safety of home, racked her as a Pythia, and took frightful vengeance when she tried to live as a woman. And yet—what would she have been without him? If she had never experienced anything but herself?

Lagerkvist is a hard, though pellucid writer, whom I can't attempt to sum up. But in this tale, the core of revulsion, irony and mystery is the idiot child. As always, the simple and poor in spirit are invulnerable; but as always—and perhaps more than elsewhere—the dark places are very dark, and not for the squeamish.

OTHER FICTION.

"After the Rain," by John Bowen (Faber; 15s.), exhibits what could be called a daylight world if it were less wet. Somehow, an inept rainmaker has detonated a Deluge. And John Clarke, the intellectual-journalist hero, having paddled a friend's wife out of London in a rubber dinghy, is fleeing the refuge camp with a dancer. Presently they meet the Raft. This is a pre-Deluge advertisement for Glub, the Ideal Breakfast Food; it has a hut with kitchen, bathroom and electricity, and the bone-headed Captain Hunter was supposed to be sailing it round the world, on a diet of Glub and distilled sea-water. Now there are six others on board; and the actual boss is a thin-lipped, thin-haired little accountant—a Napoleon of will and method. In Arthur's view, the Flood is Natural Selection at work in the nick of time. Only intelligent people will survive it. He will survive; and his companions, if they obey him. . . .

No one objects; and only Arthur has ideas on the New Society. At first these are bleakly rational. "Animal welfare" is the aim; imagination is the "fifth column." But later on, when the sun comes out and the survivors can't raise a wind, there is a queer change of dogma. Myth, after all, has its *raison d'être*. They are now living a myth; they will doubtless be worshipped by the New Race, and have a duty to inspire it.

This is one of the best stories of the future I have read: pungently written, exciting as an adventure, and excellent on the human side.

"The White Witch," by Elizabeth Goudge (Hodder and Stoughton; 16s.), is a romance of Oxfordshire in the Civil War. It is all compact of white and black magic, true love and extra-sensory perception, cowardice and atonement, flamboyant gypsies and Royalist spies, children of all colours (one may say), and fragments of battle and debate. A masterpiece of its kind, and a splendid read for those who can take it.

"Unreasonable Doubt," by Elizabeth Ferrars (Collins; 10s. 6d.), opens in the village of Rollway. The commuting Professor Dirke had always judged himself a sensible man, till he started worrying about Rose and their friend and neighbour Paul Eckleston. And this unreasonable, unconfessed worry somehow gets mixed up with Henry Wallbank's "holiday task." Poor, drooping Henry is curator of the Purslem Museum, to which an ex-employee named Pantelaras has surprisingly offered his Greek coins "for a song." His home is in Monte Carlo; and as the Dirkes will be staying nearby, perhaps Alistair would call and check up? Alistair complies—in time for the murder of Pantelaras and disappearance of the collection. However, the French police get their man. Yet in Rollway the domestic and criminal plot thickens, to explode (literally) in thunder at the annual flower show. Agreeable and distinguished in its gait, though rather arbitrary as a whodunit.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

YEATS, LOURDES AND THE POLES.

THOSE who are content to accept W. B. Yeats's poetry and drama at their face value and to enjoy them for their "colour and spectacle, music, song and dance" may find Mr. F. A. C. Wilson's "W. B. Yeats and Tradition" (Gollancz; 25s.) altogether too bewildering and difficult. Yet there is no doubt but that this is an important book, and those who will follow Mr. Wilson patiently through his exposition will be convinced that he has gone a long way towards solving the problem of Yeats's meaning and intention. It is, of course, esoteric. Yeats himself said that he wanted "an unpopular theatre and an audience like a secret society," and if in his last plays he made an external compromise so as to "pacify the uninitiated by means of surface narrative," the esoteric meaning exists, and Mr. Wilson has most skilfully drawn it out. Various distinctions are necessary. To understand is not necessarily to accept, and one may gain immeasurably in understanding what Yeats meant, from a study of Mr. Wilson's work, while dissenting with some violence from the validity of that meaning. Indeed, what Mr. Wilson describes as the "subjective tradition" may seem to many people to be a crude hotch-potch of neoplatonist—I find Mr. Wilson's consistent use of Platonist, without the prefix, rather confusing—Oriental, magical, mythical, Celtic and other symbols, loosely tied together by Jung. All this entails serious philosophical difficulties. There is Jung's question-begging use of the term "universal unconscious," as though either conscious or unconscious could be predicated of anything so nebulous as "the race," or of anything less definite than a personality. True, Plato played about with his "ideas" as though they were material pawns on a material chess-board, but myth and allegory must somewhere find some contact with reality if they are to have any significance at all. We find, as we expect to find, the rather infantile syncretist fallacy that "all religions are one religion," and that truth is somehow "relative"; what is true for me is not necessarily true for you. (If that is so, of course, then there are no means of communication between mind and mind, and it is a great waste of time for Mr. Wilson to write books and offer them to me at 25s. a copy.) To do Mr. Wilson justice, he does not tell the reader how much of all this he himself believes. His object is to search out the foundations of Yeats's thought, and to offer an interpretation of five of his last plays on that basis. It would not help the reader to quote odd passages of this work of interpretation. "Suffice it to say," in the words of one of the blurbs, "that this is as finely imaginative a piece of zetetics as we can recall." (It's all right, you can put the O.E.D. down; "zetetics" only means "research.")

If complication was the soul of Yeats's imagery, simplicity was the hallmark of St. Bernadette's soul. This year is the centenary of her original visions at Lourdes, and it was to be expected that we should have some commemorative works. Margaret Trouncer's "A Grain of Wheat" (Hutchinson; 15s.) is rather disappointing. It is certainly, as its author claims, a work of love, but even works of love should not be careless or slovenly. This story of St. Bernadette has none of the polish and little, I think, of the insight which gave such distinction to Miss Trouncer's "The Nun" and "The Reluctant Abbess." Apart from a sad welter of misprints, errors in French, and one excruciating attempt, on page 18, to quote Greek, one feels that this book has been rather hastily thrown together. That it is not so is proved by the trouble which the author has taken to visit Lourdes and Nevers, and to get her material from the original sources. Yet when one compares the result with, let us say, Franz Werfel's "The Song of Bernadette," which is openly, and not covertly, a biography in novel form, one feels that Miss Trouncer has skimped her subject. I did, however, get the impression that the second half of the book, which deals with Bernadette's life as a nun, was more carefully and satisfactorily worked out. That is an advantage, because previous biographers have tended to pass this side of her life over. Yet it was during those last years, as Miss Trouncer points out, that she won her way through suffering to sainthood.

Dr. Fuchs's latest exploit has put most books about the Antarctic a little out of date, but that is no reason why they should not be enjoyed. Mr. Robert de la Croix, who specialises in descriptions of adventure in regions of water and ice, has recapitulated the story of Antarctic exploration in "Conquerors of the Antarctic" (Muller; 18s.; translated from the French by Edward Fitzgerald). He begins with Captain Cook, and continues through the journeys of Dumont d'Urville and Captain Ross to the classic expeditions of Amundsen, Scott and Shackleton. Finally he describes the massive attack on the Pole by Admiral Byrd.

John Glaever's "In The Land of The Musk-Ox" (Jarrold; 21s.; translated by Munda Whittaker and Walter Oliver) well deserves its Book Society Recommendation. It is about birds and beasts in Greenland, and has given me new ideas about bears, walrus, and the musk-ox from which it takes its title. There are some really exciting and almost horrifying stories, including one of a battle between burgomaster gulls and a fox.

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THE WORLD OF MOTORING.

CAR OF THE MONTH—THE NEW HILLMAN HUSKY.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL A. G. DOUGLAS CLEASE, B.Sc., A.M.I.MECH.E.

DURING the last few years the type of car known variously as the "estate car" or "station wagon" has become a familiar sight on our roads. It has a body style which originated in the U.S., and which was therefore originally applied to cars of considerable size, but it has been developed in this country for cars of all sizes and has become extremely popular.

For many owners the versatility of this type of body is specially attractive. When the rear seat is not required for passengers its squab folds down to add to the flat floor space, so that a load of considerable weight and bulk can then be carried and can be easily inserted through the rear door. Even with the rear seat in use there is still room for a bulkier load than can normally be accommodated in the boot of a saloon. Moreover, the load-carrying capacity is not obtained at the expense of the passengers, who have properly upholstered seats and the usual degree of comfort afforded by a saloon body.

The new Hillman *Husky* introduced during January is the latest and much improved version of the small two-door estate car which has been a popular Hillman model since the autumn of 1954, and it should not be confused with the *Minx* Estate Car, which is a four-door version based on the *Minx*, with the 8-ft. wheelbase and general specification of that car. The *Husky* has a wheelbase of 7 ft. 2 ins., which is an increase of 2 ins. compared with its predecessor, and it is now powered by the 1390 c.c. overhead-valve engine of the *Minx* in place of the 1265 c.c. side-valve unit.

It has also been restyled and brought more into line with the *Minx* range, with a new hull of pleasing appearance which gives an appreciable increase in

both passenger and luggage accommodation. The front seats are of bucket type and have well-shaped back-rests which give good support, and driver and passenger appreciate the extra 1½ ins. of width between the doors. The rear seat is 4½ ins. wider than formerly and, perhaps even more important, the leg-room is now ample. The front seats hinge forward to give access to the rear seat, and the wider doors of the new model are a great improvement for easy entry or exit.

Upholstery is in Vynide in fluted style over spring cases and foam rubber and proved very comfortable, and the rubber floor-covering proved its practicability in the wet and muddy weather experienced at the time of my road test. Both the rear door, hinged on its offside edge, and the side doors have push-button locks. The width of the rear door has been increased by 2 ins. and access to the flat floor for loading could hardly be easier.

The front compartment is well arranged from the driver's point of view, his position at the wheel being comfortable with the controls conveniently positioned. The two-spoked steering-wheel is at just the right angle, the pendant pedals are well spaced, the central gear lever is cranked backwards for easy reach, and the hand-brake lever lies alongside his seat for right-hand operation but does not obstruct him when he enters or leaves the car.

Both drivers and passengers have excellent all-round visibility, and parking in congested city streets is very easy. The driver sees both wings and he can gauge the position of the almost vertical back panel very readily, knowing that there is no protruding tail out of his sight. The bumpers wrap round sufficiently both at front and rear to give a measure of side protection.

Naturally, the overhead-valve engine, which develops 43 b.h.p. at 4000 r.p.m., gives the car a much livelier performance than the original model, although it has the moderate compression ratio of 7 to 1, and in consequence will run quite smoothly on ordinary grade fuel. It pulls quite well at the lower engine speeds, and does not therefore call for frequent gear changes. On top gear the road speed at 1000 r.p.m. is a little over 15 m.p.h., and the car cruises quite effortlessly at 55 m.p.h. and will produce another 10 to 15 m.p.h. if pressed, doing so without losing any of its smoothness and without becoming noisy.

Suspension and road-holding are good, giving both the driver and passengers a feeling of confidence and a comfortable ride even on secondary roads of poor surface. The steering is light, precise and with a slight understeer; it follows the layout adopted on the *Minx* with a three-piece tie-rod. The independent front suspension is also similar to that of the *Minx* and has telescopic direct-acting dampers mounted inside the coil springs. There is a minimum of roll when the car is deliberately taken fast round corners. The brakes are quite adequate for the performance; they are Lockheed hydraulic with 8-in. diameter drums and two leading shoes at the front. Only light pedal pressure is needed.

Nothing has been skimped in the equipment of the car. The speedometer is mounted centrally in a small instrument and control panel, and

is flanked by the ignition and lights switch, the starter switch and a position for a fog-lamp switch, while on the right are the screen-wiper switch and choke, and a position for an additional instrument such as a clock or water temperature gauge. The switch for the flashing light indicators projects from the steering column below the wheel on the right, where it is within finger-tip reach. The speedometer incorporates warning lights for oil pressure, indicators and ignition; also the fuel gauge. The dip switch is floor-mounted to the left of the clutch pedal.

The spare wheel is housed in its own compartment below the floor and is secured by a strap which helps to position the wheel when it is being stowed. Jack and tool-kit are also carried in the spare-wheel compartment; square section jacking sockets are provided just underneath front and rear bumpers at each side of the car. A parcel tray runs the full width of the scuttle and under its right-hand end is a push-pull control for the fresh-air ventilator. Ventilator panels are also fitted to the door windows.

When the full luggage-carrying capacity is required and the back-rest of the rear seat is folded forward to form a continuation of the flat floor, the length of the platform is 4 ft. 2 ins. and the width between the wheel arches, which project slightly above floor-level, is 3 ft. 1½ ins. With two passengers only, the permissible weight of luggage is then 600 lb. When four passengers are carried the platform length behind the rear seat is 2 ft. 5 ins. and the permissible load of luggage 300 lb.

It is this generous luggage accommodation which makes the estate car so popular. It is a most useful vehicle for country-dwellers for collecting passengers and their luggage from the railway station, for example, or for conveying bulky purchases from the shopping centres. For extended touring it combines the comfort of a saloon with the luggage capacity of a much larger type of car, and if required it can carry a surprising amount of camping gear.

The basic price of the new *Husky* is £465 and the price including purchase tax £698.17s. Provision is made for car radio and for the fitting of a Smith's heating and ventilating system as optional extras.



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just for a meal, the name of Mr. and Mrs. Ashley Courtenay is well known. The 1958 edition of their Guide, so aptly entitled "Let's Halt Awhile," covers some 700 hotels and inns in England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, and the Channel Islands. Their recommendations are based on personal experience, and the information given allows one to paint a mental picture to supplement the many illustrations, as well as to estimate the cost of a short or longer sojourn.

A party of B.M.C. executives headed by Major-General E. H. Clayton, Director and General Manager of B.M.C. Service Ltd., has recently returned from Singapore, where a conference was held to ensure that the supply of spares is efficiently maintained in the Far Eastern markets of Austin and Nuffield products.

Several new features are included in the R.A.C.'s Continental Handbook, of which the 1958 edition has recently been published, the price to members being 8s. 6d. post free. All towns are now clearly denoted by map references and a 32-page atlas covers Europe from Portugal to Yugoslavia and from the Mediterranean to Norway and Sweden. Already overseas bookings through the R.A.C. show a 25 per cent. increase over the corresponding period of last year.

Mr. George Lanchester has been elected president of the Veteran Car Club in succession to Mr. J. A. Masters, who has retired after his second year in that office.

Amongst the famous racing cars of the last fifty years which formed an interesting exhibit at the Geneva Show in March was the 1924 supercharged 2-litre 6-cylinder Sunbeam *Cub*. It was driven in Grand Prix events by Sir Henry Segrave, K. Lee Guinness, Count Masetti and Kaye Don, and also set up many international and British records. Also on view were the M.G. *Special* with which Stirling Moss set up many new records at Utah last year, a Vanwall, and a D-type Jaguar.

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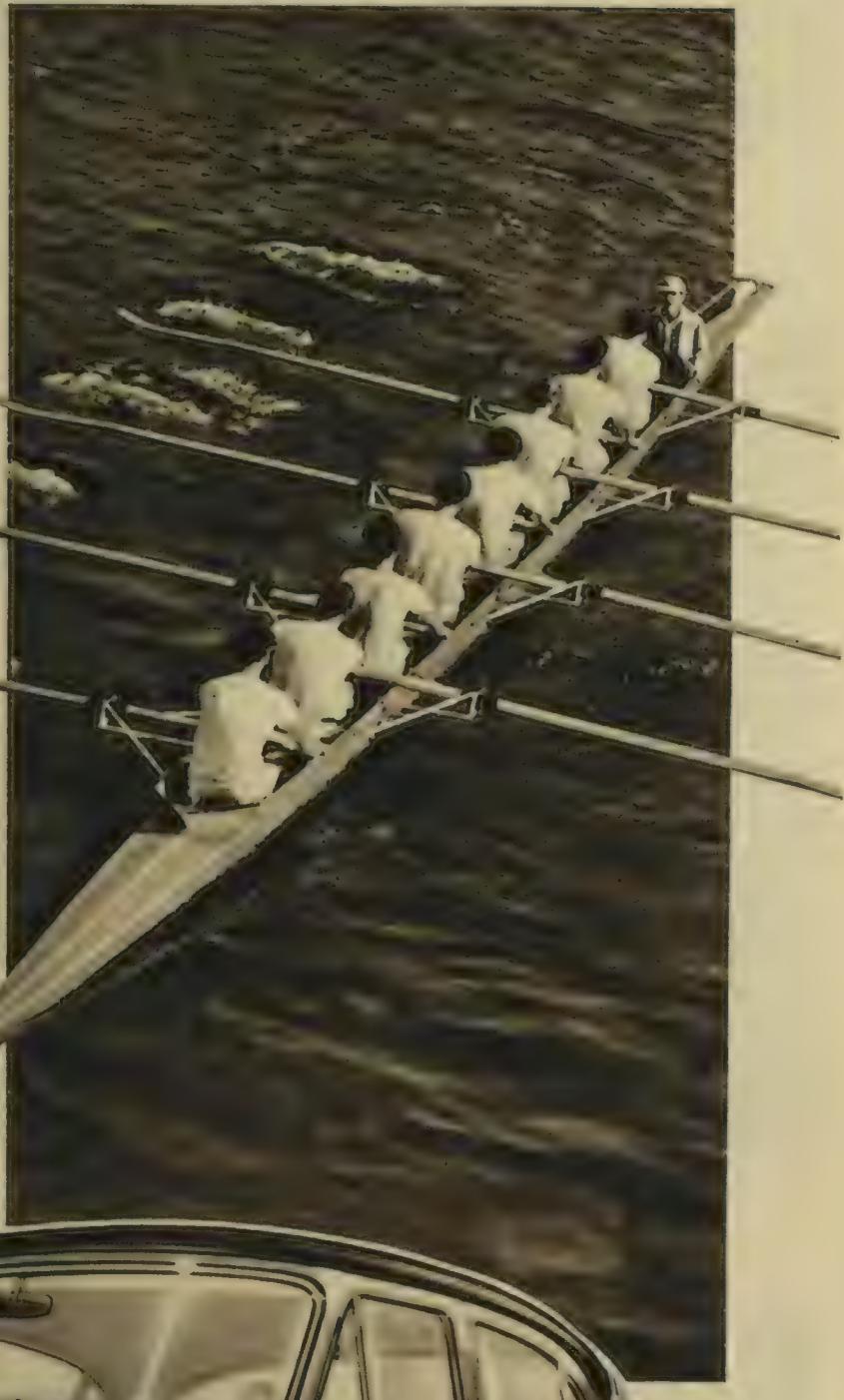


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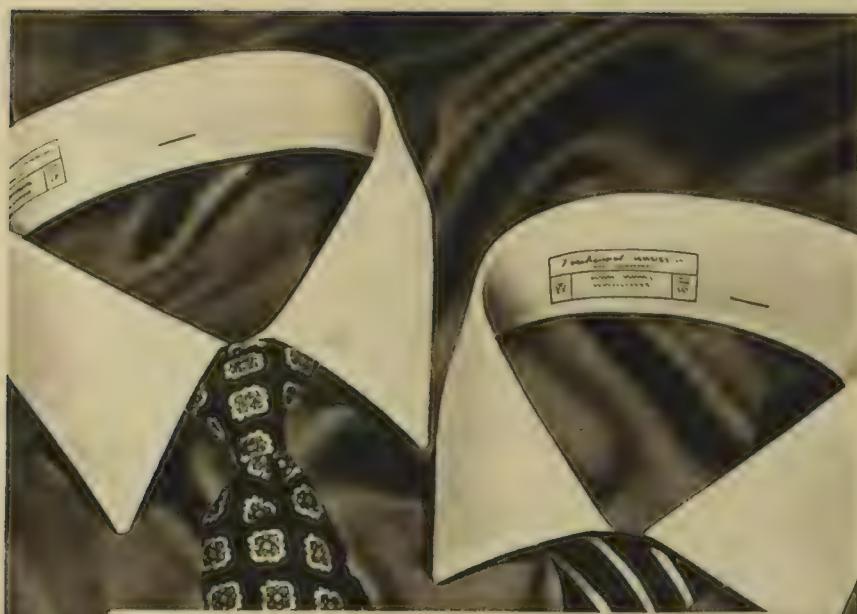
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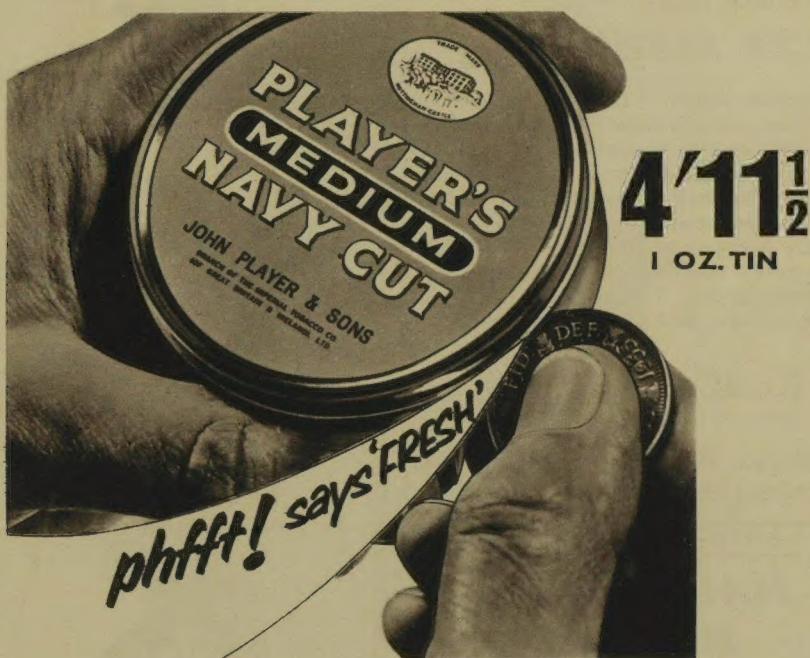


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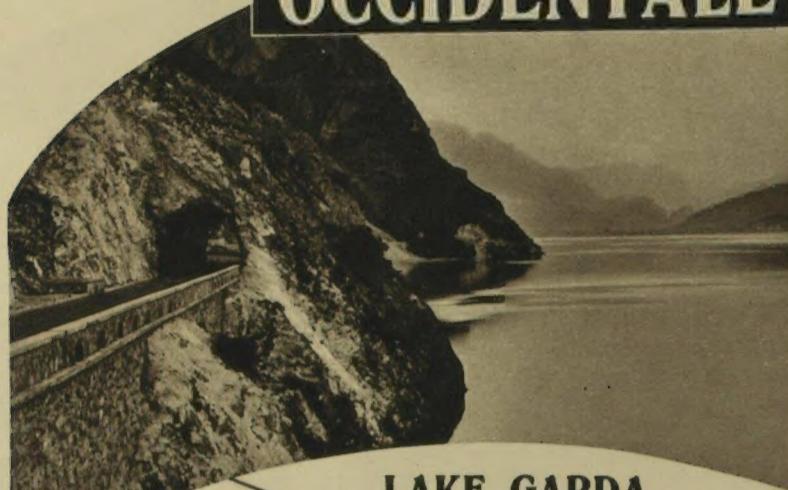
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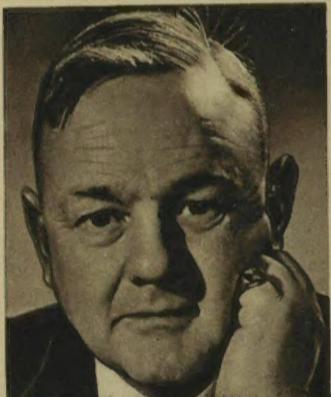


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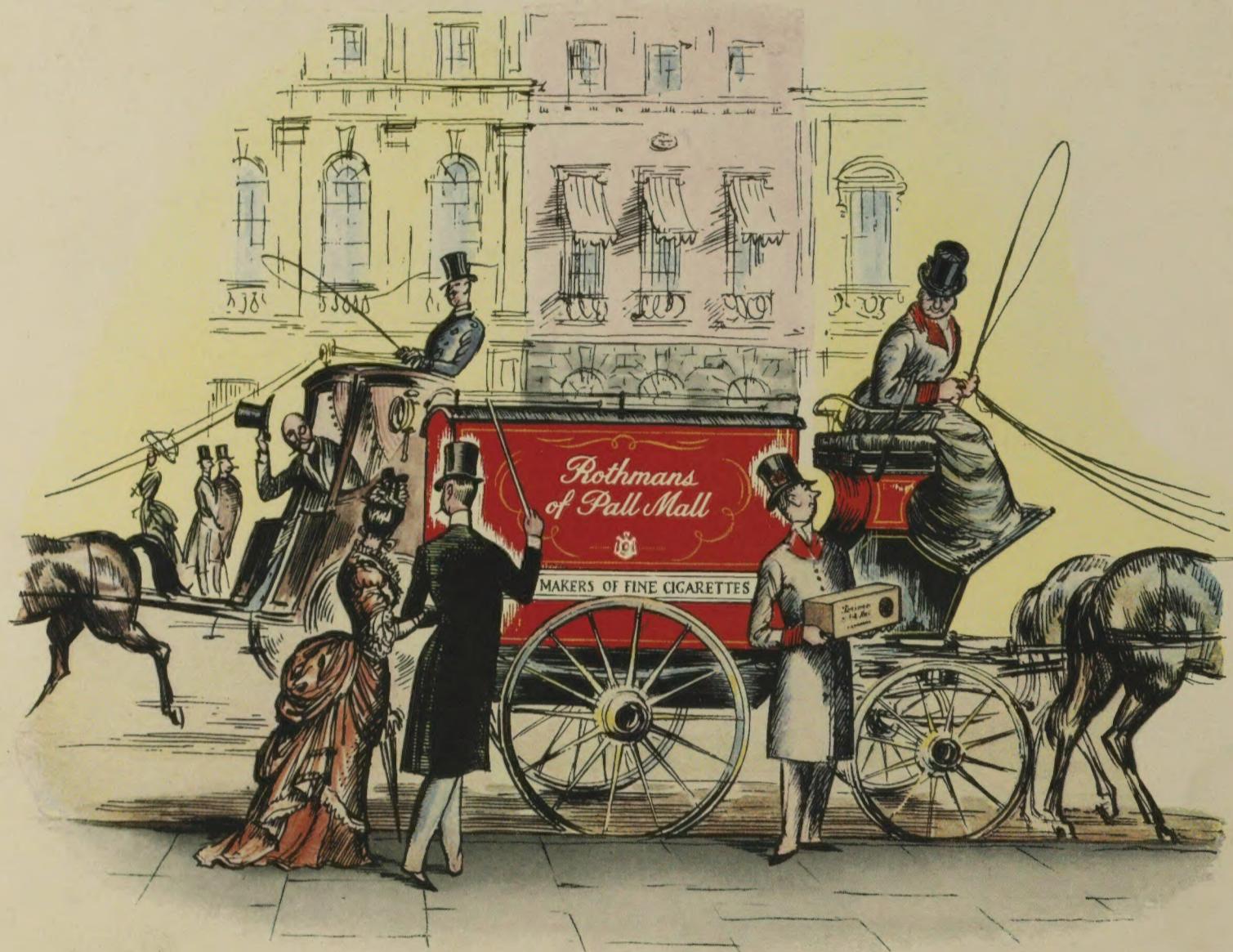
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